

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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CROWNING THE KING.

THE great pageant we are witnessing this month has many facets, many different elements of popular appeal. The long bustle of preparation is over. Subjects of the British Crown from every Continent have filled to overflowing the old grey city by the Thames. Many people constitutionally shy and rather averse to self-advertisement and adulation have set themselves to treat the coronation as a festival, a high day and holiday in which everyone can share. An Empire not over-fond of the name or the trappings, and half unwilling to think about its greatness, takes breath and stands and watches while two young Sovereigns, embodying the spirit of it all, pass by.

Why is Republicanism out of fashion in England? Why is it that so few citizens of this vast, democratic Empire would lift a finger to upset the Throne to-day, when more than half the thrones of Europe have fallen and left ours on a lonely eminence of security and power? The instincts of equality and self-assertion are certainly as dominant as ever. Liberty may have gone sick for a time among nations who, we thought, had grown up to understand it. The voices of Parliaments may have been sharply silenced. An astonishing readiness to immolate themselves before Dictators—not quite ignoble in its willingness for sacrifice—may have seemed to some the only remedy for depression or despair. But it is impossible to believe that the love of individual freedom is in the twentieth century wholly extinguished even in “totalitarian” States. The theory that men are born the equals of their fellows and the masters of their destiny, whatever be their rank or training, may or may not be founded in experience; but it is not going to be unlearned or forgotten by modern nations in the years ahead.

There must surely be something in the English brand of kingship which gives it a vitality not known elsewhere. Whatever criticisms may be brought against it, its history is undeniably picturesque. Its pride of antiquity impresses. Its colour and romance attract. Others besides genealogists

can find pleasure in remembering that King George VI is the direct representative, not in office only but in blood, of those remote and shadowy Saxon Princes whose dust still lies in coffers ranged round the choir at Winchester, the earliest English capital if not the earliest English church. Cerdic and Alfred are among his ancestors, and Norman William and Angevin Henry, and many an unremembered chieftain of French and German, Scottish and Scandinavian stock. For two or three hundred years, of course, the English Court was far more French than English. A round dozen of our Kings in the Middle Ages had French fathers or mothers or wives. Cœur de Lion, for example, a national hero born at Oxford, was French upon both sides. From their mixed blood they drew the gifts and resources which kept the vigour of the line alive. They held their crown, in spite of notorious faults, because so many of them were men of force and character, efficient and successful alike in government and in war.

The Plantagenets, for all their foreign blood, became incontestably national leaders. They adventured greatly to make themselves also masters of France, and came near to ruining themselves in that attempt. The Welsh Tudors, who absorbed and displaced them, were no less representative of England. Henry VII indeed, in youth a hero of romance, who won his crown upon a battlefield and overthrew a notorious usurper, developed into something like an old fogey later. But the Henry VIII who looks down on us from Holbein's canvases with so sinister and formidable a sense of power, was accepted all his life as typically English. The nation loved him, bore with him, obeyed him, and, do what he might, refused to desert him. And his great daughter, Elizabeth, at her best the incarnation of her England, realised better than most monarchs "how genuine glory was put on." King George cannot claim Queen Elizabeth in the strict sense as an ancestress, although he sits upon her throne; and some perhaps would be prouder—it is a debatable opinion—of inheriting the blood of Mary, Queen of Scots. But the Stuarts at any rate brought into the story such vivid elements of misfortune and adventure, of human charm and human failings, of gallant endeavour and pitiful defeat, that they have left behind them memories which to this day Englishmen and Scotsmen fight over but do not forget.

No one who counts his own forefathers with affection can fail to feel an interest in a race like this, "of Earth's first blood" with "titles manifold" such as no new-made chiefs of States can boast. Things rooted in our national past have weight with us despite ourselves. Try as they may, the heirs of the ages cannot strip their inheritance off.

The difficult problems of last year, solved as they were with a dignity and wisdom which did honour to all concerned, have led some eager minds to discuss again the question whether a Monarchy or a Republic be the best form of State. The republican ideal will always make a strong appeal to men who love simplicity and freedom, and who dislike the display, the false sentiment, the vulgarity of spirit, which too often gather round a Court. There is a nobility about a man like Washington, stepping into fame to defend right and liberty as he understood them, called on inevitably to rule the nation he created, and quietly laying down his burden when his task was done, which justly conquers the admiration of mankind. Taking circumstance and character together, the work he did, the mind and nature of the man who did it, and the magnificent dominion which he founded, can any career in history stand comparison with his? Can Cæsar's or Napoleon's eclipse it if personal nobility is allowed to count? Again, there is a homely and irresistible splendour in the story of Abraham Lincoln, the uncouth Western lawyer, plainly even roughly bred, exposed in a position of supreme authority to tests such as few rulers have endured, and by sheer force of heart and character proving equal to them all. A few men of that stamp outshine many Kings. But the fact remains that leaders of that quality among elected Heads of States are very rare. Taken as a whole the men who have ruled over the world's republics in the last century and a half, whether raised to power by the free votes of their fellow-citizens or by some vigorous self-assertion of their own, have no superiority over the hereditary monarchs in interest or achievement. In all that is meant by tradition they have obviously no share at all.

It may seem strange at first sight that in our own country, which judged by every test of practice is, for all its conservative and monarchical associations, the freest in the world, Republicanism has never yet been able to take root. Once and once only, for a few years in the seventeenth century, it

found a footing here under a soldier of surpassing force, who struck the Monarchy down because his army urged it, who not improbably repented of his action, and who then, in his own perplexed and mystifying fashion, did what he could to build it up in his own family again. There are few such curiosities of oratory as the speeches in which Oliver Cromwell refused to wear a crown. And there is no doubt that the only successful leader of a revolution ever seen in England believed that the hereditary principle offered something continuing and stable which the English people both needed and desired. The reaction which rendered possible the reckless loyalties of the Restoration, when the most genial of Princes brought private morals and public duty down to a level rarely touched before or since, is proof that the great Protector judged his countrymen aright.

The truth is that the hereditary principle has never been unpopular among us. It is a part of our family system and ingrained in our habits of mind. Even in the case of the House of Lords, indefensible as it seems for a democratic country to make the sons and grandsons of eminent men hereditary legislators for ever, it was not so much its hereditary character which made that House unpopular thirty years ago—it is much less unpopular to-day—as the claim of one political party in it to thwart the Government and to block legislation whatever the majorities in the House of Commons against its views might be. In the House of Commons the hereditary principle has always been popular. What a welcome it gave to the son of Chatham, would have given to a son of Charles James Fox, has given more lately to Gladstones and Peels, to Cecils and Harcourts, to Chamberlains and Churchills! Personal gifts are after all the secret of authority, and few of us can help desiring to see those gifts inherited and handed on.

It is perhaps as a symbol of unity that the Monarchy has the greatest part to play to-day. One asks, suppose it disappeared to-morrow, what would there be to hold together the almost boundless dominions of the British Crown? It is difficult to find a satisfactory reply. Parliament has now definitely laid down its authority so far as the government of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand is concerned. Ties of kinship alone cannot make or keep an Empire. Our fellow-subjects in the great Dominions left without a King might well drift into a cousinship little closer than our

cousinship with the United States. Their sense of unity with us would be weakened, and their sense of security too. In India the position would be even more difficult. One cannot easily picture the Princes of India, with their vast territories, their multitudes of subjects, their ancient and hereditary pomps, paying homage contentedly to an elected President in London, however successful a party leader he had proved himself. There is a glamour still in the tradition of kingship, in illustrious, long-inherited descent: though, when one looks at some Kings' portraits—there is a Titian of Philip II in the Corsini Gallery in Rome, stamped already with the gloomy degeneracy which he bequeathed to his heirs for the ruin of their people—one is driven to wonder whether the glamour may not be a mirage. But there is more in it than that. Loyalty to a personal chief has always been the root of our success in India. Our way there was won, and our astonishing supremacy established, not by democratic theories nor by paper constitutions, important as these things may be, but by the unflinching use of personal authority by leaders who excelled in courage and understanding, able to inspire the followers they appealed to, and determined to establish new standards of fair dealing in an ill-governed and disordered land.

There have been faults, no doubt, in our Indian administration, especially in its early days. We have admitted them repeatedly with a candour not always shown by other nations. We have often indeed rubbed them in and dwelt upon them, since Burke let loose his noble passion and splendid rhetoric against Warren Hastings, and Macaulay, studying, as he sailed home from India round the Cape, only the charges brought by Burke and Francis and their colleagues, stereotyped them in a memorable essay without realising how largely they were inaccurate and unfair. Yet when every charge against our rule in India is sifted, it remains a proud record of single-hearted work. The Government of India may have become a great machine, and other hands than ours may be called in to work it. But the machine has succeeded because it embodied a personal, human and monarchical tradition. Could we expect the Indian States to remain contentedly within the Empire, if the Emperor to whom they owed allegiance disappeared?

India is a case apart. But the same sense of something missing would probably make itself felt in the Dominions

if the Monarchy ceased. Sentiment does not diminish as democracy grows old. No one who heard some years ago the first faint cry upon the wireless "Australia calling the Mother Country," followed by the singing across thousands of miles of ocean of "God Save the King," could fail to realise what an expression of unity that old song was. To part with a sentiment so deeply rooted must mean the breaking of links which men value, must, one would think, strengthen the tendency to break away. It is difficult to feel sure that the help to be expected from British fleets and armies or even from British finance would suffice to bind Australia and South Africa to us once the ancient and visible bond of unity had gone. The perils which might threaten these young States, with their immense territories, their fine and complacent self-confidence, and their inadequate white populations, in a world of highly armed and highly populated Empires fiercely demanding space for expansion, are already visible enough. If Japan determined to find new outlets for her people in the great empty Southern Continent, if Germany resolved to recover her outpost in South-West Africa, could these young Dominions say them nay? We should be foolish not to realise how heavy a strain it may impose upon us to prevent such demands arising while our Empire holds together. It would be impossible to defeat them if our Empire broke up.

Apart from its political significance the British Monarchy has a very special social value for us all. We may set off as evils the false sentiment, the flatteries and adulation, the lavish expense and display which Courts often entail, and which were found in polished perfection in the Court of the *Grand Monarque*, and to some extent in the semi-Oriental arrogance of the German Empire just before the War. But it is right to remember, when speaking of expense, that the Sovereigns of England have handed over great private revenues to the State, and, when speaking of flatteries and adulation, that those weaknesses are largely inherent in mortality. The desire to cringe before superiority of some kind survives probably in two-thirds of the human race. It is found at times in an exaggerated form even in the highest circles. Mankind must have its figureheads. Free democracies are glad to choose and test their fighting leaders in the warfare of Parliament, in the clash of politics, in the give and take of public life. No institution in the world gives such a training

in the art of government as our House of Commons. No constitution in the world compares with ours in adaptability to all the purposes of freedom. But above the conflicts of parties, which are essential to the free play of Parliament, it is of real value, when passions run high, to have some representative figure, some detached, impartial keeper of the peace, able, if consulted by the controversialists, to survey the situation coolly and to appreciate the different points of view, some disinterested figure rooted in tradition, unassailable in dignity, and sure of the respect of all.

It is difficult to set a limit to the influence which a constitutional monarchy like ours may wield. Lapses of conduct in the Tudor and the Stuart Courts had scarcely the same publicity, though neither Tudors nor Stuarts can be accused of concealing their peccadilloes. The Hanoverian monarchy was accepted at first as an uninteresting necessity, and was only preserved by the Whig oligarchy for the sake of securing Parliamentary freedom. But George III, an Englishman, with certain obstinate English qualities deep-rooted in him, rallied the old loyalty of the people chiefly by his homely, kindly, decent private life. And when the flamboyant failings of the First Gentleman in Europe had again made the Crown unpopular, Queen Victoria and her husband restored its prestige by setting an example which has not been allowed to fail. The throne of England owes much to the ideals of conduct, the liberal temper, the grave and simple sense of duty, which the Prince Consort stamped upon a Court scarcely accustomed to standards such as his. And King George V not only kept up this tradition; he showed in times of crisis and of danger a readiness to welcome new men and to identify himself with new conditions which deepened the sense of obligation and the affection gathered round the throne.

Our constitution, as established now by practice, asks a good deal of our Kings. To allow democracy to have its own way under its own elected leaders, to make its own mistakes and to work out its own salvation, and all the while to stand by watching with kindly, helpful self-restraint, trusting to the sure instinct of a people which has never in the long run lost sight of sobriety and common sense, is a task of extraordinary difficulty, requiring rare qualities of temper and of mind. It needs the widest sympathy and patience, the strongest

self-command. But every year that a Sovereign can exercise such qualities successfully, he will gain immeasurably in influence and respect.

If we ask much of our Kings and Queens as Sovereigns, we ask much of them as individuals too. For them, for us, and for the world at large, there are difficult days, it may even be perilous days, ahead. The old standards everywhere are being fiercely challenged. The old loyalties may be sharply strained. But the things which stand, irrespective of fashion or rank or revolution, are after all the old and homely virtues, possible alike for Princes and for lesser folk. There is no denying the temptations which beset every man brought up to be a King. It needs strength of mind in an atmosphere of adulation not to become selfish or spoilt. For the heirs of Kings and Emperors there will always be risks of deterioration which a Washington or a Lincoln may escape. Republican austerity, no doubt, makes easier the path of virtue. But, on the other hand, the self-mastery learned under difficult conditions is one of the greatest qualities which fit a man to be a King. The secret of Royal influence in England is to be simple, self-sacrificing and sincere. It is, if we may be allowed to say so, because our people believe that their new Sovereigns have already learned that secret together, that the welcome offered them is so unaffectedly genuine to-day. They are ascending a throne which we are not alone in thinking the greatest in the world, a throne founded on the securest consciousness of freedom and the widest sense of human fellowship the world has seen. To guard that freedom and to keep alive that sense of fellowship is as noble a task as can be committed to man. Our Sovereigns know, none better, the demands which it must make upon them. To those demands they will respond. It is for this reason that their subjects so warmly and unanimously wish them well. It is for this reason that, when George VI puts on the crown of his ancestors at Westminster, we shall one and all echo with devotion Edward VIII's last words to his people, "God Save the King."

CHARLES MALLET.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

TWENTY years ago Mr. Edwin Montagu paid his famous visit to India, and received a Deputation from the Congress and Home Rule League.

"The Deputation had brought me," he wrote, "a terrifically big casket representing the Juggernaut car (*absit omen*) in which their Address was enclosed. . . . We were face to face now with the real giants of the Indian political world. We had not these dupes and adherents from the Provinces, but we had here a collection of the first-class politicians.

"Gandhi is a social reformer; he has a real desire to find grievances and to cure them, not for any reasons of self-advertisement, but to improve the conditions of his fellow-men. . . . He dresses like a coolie, forswears all personal advancement, lives practically on the air, and is a pure visionary. He does not understand details of schemes; *all he wants is that we should get India on our side*. He wants the millions of India to leap to the assistance of the British Throne. . . . Revolutionary or not . . . *none of these Indians show any sign of wanting to be removed from connection with the British Throne.*"

Twenty years later the Congress Party have won majorities in six provinces on a programme of independence, they refuse to take office and seem likely to drive us back to sheer autocracy. The question that should occupy the mind of Parliament is not, Is the Congress reasonable? but Why have we ourselves failed?

The British are not without experience in extending self-government in the Commonwealth. There is the great example of Canada, and the even more brilliant success of South Africa. In both of these countries there were large populations of other races. But as regards India there is no one who can deny that the prospects of Anglo-British understanding become gloomier as the years pass by. And yet the principles on which we are professing to act in relation to India are the same as those which have been employed with success in the other cases. Mr. Montagu's declaration of August 20th, 1917, included the following words:

The policy of His Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in complete accord, is that of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration and the gradual development of self-government institutions

with a view to the progressive realisation of *responsible government* in India as an integral part of the British Empire.

Some doubt was raised at one time on high authority as to the meaning of the words "responsible government." There was mistrust and misunderstanding and, in 1929, in order that all doubt should be removed, a statement was made by the then Viceroy in the following terms :

As I recently pointed out, my own Instrument of Instructions from the King-Emperor expressly states that it is His Majesty's will and pleasure that the plans laid by Parliament in 1919 should be the means by which British India may attain its due place among His Dominions. Ministers of the Crown, moreover, have more than once publicly declared that it is the desire of the British Government that India should, in the fullness of time, take her place in the Empire in equal partnership with the Dominions. But in view of the doubts which have been expressed both in Great Britain and India regarding the interpretation to be placed on the intentions of the British Government in enacting the Statute of 1919, I am authorised, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, to state clearly that in their Judgment it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress, as there contemplated, is the attainment of Dominion Status.

A debate arose in Parliament after the issue of that statement and criticism was levelled against the Government, but neither during the course of the debate nor during any of the subsequent proceedings was it denied by any authoritative speaker that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress is the attainment of Dominion status.

"Dominion status," of course, is not a legal definition. The status of the Dominions has grown enormously in the lifetime of us all, and the Imperial Conference of 1926, followed by the Statute of Westminster in 1930, established them as true partner nations. This development, so far from dividing, has united the British Commonwealth. Since there have been set up in different parts of the world democracies enjoying the benefit of free self-government it is only natural that, when freedom and self-government are challenged, as they are to-day, by dictatorships, such free democracies, even were they not linked by common blood, should draw together. I may add, in passing, that the one danger to Commonwealth unity is a system of preferential tariffs which, in imitation of

Germany and Italy, is attempting to set up some form of Imperial economic autarchy. The offer, therefore, of Dominion status as the goal of British policy in India is not a niggardly thing. It is something which any member of Congress, without any renunciation of his beliefs, might accept.

I notice that Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, in his presidential address to the Delhi Conference of Congress, makes the following statement :

To talk, therefore, of Dominion Status, in its widest significance, even including the right to separate, is to confine ourselves to one group, which of necessity will oppose and be opposed by other groups, and which will essentially be based on the present decaying social order. Therefore we cannot entertain this idea of Dominion Status in any shape or form ; it is independence we want, not any particular status. Under cover of that phrase, the tentacles of imperialism will creep up and hold us in their grip, though the outer structure might be good to look at.

This is a real misconception, though some justification for such a statement might be found in the scheme already referred to for setting up a closed Empire. In point of fact the British Commonwealth may, and in course of time probably will, comprise Socialist Dominions like New Zealand, and possibly Governments internally Republican, like the Irish Free State.

If what I have said is right, and if British policy is as I have stated it to be—and this has never been denied—why is it that we are faced in India with opposition from the mass of public opinion more bitter than we have had elsewhere, except in the sole case of Ireland ? It seems to me that the fundamental cause is a mutual failure not only of understanding, but also of information. I do not know how far the Indian public follows the trend of opinion in England, but I do know that, as far as this country is concerned, it is very hard indeed for the average reader to get a proportioned view of Indian opinion. The links between Great Britain and India are largely official and the records of the splendid work done by British officials in India are plentifully at the disposal of Parliament, but beyond that, for the assessing of the movement of Indian thought, we seem to be ill-served. What we read, even in important newspapers, is what is thought by a small section only, and when the strength of popular movements compels attention, then the news is presented in a way

which distorts its perspective and exaggerates hopes, fears and difficulties, often baseless, which are in the mind of the writer. The result of all this is that the average man in Great Britain seems to have no notion of the growing momentum of the Indian national demand and its implications.

That being so, we find a perpetual lag, things done the wrong way, important opinion ignored, things done too late. Government spokesmen in the House of Commons are so busy meeting the criticisms of Members of Parliament that they forget India. It is not a difficult task, especially with a party majority behind you, to persuade Parliament to enact a constitution, particularly when you are prepared to solve every difficulty with a paper concession. But the real measure of success is not the majority in the lobbies of the House of Commons, but the measure to which you win the assent of the Indian peoples. There was, for example, the exclusion of Indians from the Statutory Commission and the subsequent and most effective boycott of that inquiry. The Report is an historic document. It explored the ground in a way that was in every respect exemplary. But, politically speaking, the Commission was a failure. In the nature of things it could not interpret sympathetically the state of Indian public opinion, and therefore it could not put forward the sort of proposals which might establish a willing partnership between Britain and India.

It was in these circumstances that the Labour Government took office in 1929 and, if I refer particularly to this period, it is because I believe that a return to its spirit would be the most helpful thing at the present time. The first thing which the Government in 1929 did was to authorise Lord Irwin to make the pronouncement already quoted. That is to say, it defined clearly and, as I have pointed out, without challenge, the goal of Indian policy in India. But there was a second point in Lord Irwin's declaration. It announced that a Round Table Conference would be held. Just as the first announcement had been intended to clarify policy, so the second was intended as a change of method. It was, in fact, a negation in spirit of the preamble of the Government of India Act, which declared that "the time and manner of each advance can be determined only by Parliament." It was an attempt to substitute partnership and discussion for delegation and decision.

At the outset the effort to win co-operation was successful. The *Observer* Delhi correspondent remarked :

Lord Irwin's announcement has transformed the Indian political scene.

The *Sunday Times* said :

From the many columns of interviews and opinions in Indian newspapers . . . one salient fact stands out : Lord Irwin has won over all but the extremists, although even in their case the departure from the usual acrimony is significant."

More remarkable still was the announcement following a meeting of Congress and other progressive leaders. There were present, among others, Mr. Gandhi, Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, Sir Tej Saprú, Mr. Sastri, Mr. Vallabhai Patel and Mr. Sen Gupta. The motion they passed used the following words :

We hope to be able to tender our co-operation with His Majesty's Government in their effort to evolve a scheme for a Dominion Constitution suitable to India's needs.

It is true that the statement went on to demand that the Conference should forthwith frame a Dominion Constitution. This promise could not be given, first because it was desired to await the Commission's recommendations, and secondly because of the minority position of the Government. It was remarkable that, though the Indian leaders knew that the Government was in a minority in both Houses, they were prepared to co-operate in the framing of a Dominion Constitution, for the most that the Government could have hoped, had such an agreement been reached, was to place it before Parliament and take the consequences.

About the time of this meeting of Indian leaders a debate took place in Parliament which did much damage to Anglo-Indian relations. In consequence of this, and of the failure of the Government to give the assurances asked for, the Congress was not represented at the First Round Table Conference and launched a campaign of civil disobedience. The following was a year of conflict. But the effort at co-operation was continued. The representatives of British India at the Conference were in close touch with Indian opinion, and every week reports were reaching them of demonstrations and arrests. Yet, despite that, their influence at the end of the

Conference was sufficiently strong to change the course of Congress policy. That is a point well worth remembering. It is true, of course, that there are leaders of the Indian Congress who do not desire co-operation and understanding and with whom such will probably never be achieved, but there is a mass of opinion which does desire co-operation, and would welcome signs of it on our side.

At the beginning of 1931 Lord Irwin saw Mr. Gandhi. That meeting in itself was an outrage to the feelings of those who measure success in the mechanical terms of prestige. I notice that *The Times* correspondent quite recently declared that the agreement "was interpreted by many elements . . . not as a token of strength on the part of a great statesman, but as a sign of weakness on the part of the British Government. This erroneous interpretation did immense harm in this country." However much the Conference may have offended those who think thus, it is a fact that it was the means of bringing the civil disobedience campaign to an end and it was the means of bringing Mr. Gandhi as sole Congress representative to London.

By the time he arrived political circumstances had greatly changed. The economic crisis had destroyed the Labour Government and the Round Table Conference steadily degenerated into something that was more of a deputation than a Conference. A Bill was passed through Parliament which set up a Constitution in India heavily weighted on the Conservative side, a Constitution under which that social and economic emancipation, which is undoubtedly India's greatest need, will be very difficult to achieve. One of the most unsatisfactory features of the Act was the failure to provide any way by which India could develop her own Constitution according to her own desires. In the Preamble to the Act of 1919 words had been used to the effect that Parliament alone could decide the time and manner of each advance and that Parliament must be guided by the extent to which it found that confidence can be reposed in the Indian sense of responsibility. That may have been very suitable in an Act of 1919, but in spirit it is totally out of harmony with our conception of Commonwealth development in the last twenty years. Instead of letting the Preamble of 1919 be decently interred, the Government passed an extraordinary provision, specially exempting from repeal those words. Moreover, they took a

step which removed from executive control the Instrument of Instructions issued to the Governors and the Governor-General. I believe I am right in saying that previously the Government of the day had, through the Secretary of State, been able to shape the spirit of administration in accordance with the policy of the Government, but under the new Act the Instrument of Instructions to the Governors was made subject to the approval of both Houses of Parliament : that is to say that, should there come into power a Government not favoured by the House of Lords, they would not be able to amend or liberalise these Instruments of Instructions.

Side by side with this extraordinary exhibition of caution, the Government of India Bill created a vast Indian electorate. At the same time the spirit of the administration in India was changed. The old conception, so simple, so defensible, so stupid, that by a simple process of arrest and imprisonment you can alter the course of a political movement, was given full scope. The non-co-operators, tired out physically and perhaps financially by their long campaign, were soon quelled, and the explosive charge which was to be fired in the Elections was soundly tamped by the authorities.

Then came the Elections a few weeks back. The programme of the Congress was unmistakable. It was Indian independence and the complete abolition of the Constitution, combined with an extensive programme of social changes. On the basis of this programme the Congress won six of the eleven Provinces. That is the situation to-day.

Now, when the strength of Nationalist opinion in India is pointed out to Conservative critics they often retort that the issue as between Britain and India is of small importance compared with the great provincial questions which must occupy the time of Indian ministers governing provinces as large as European states ; and, therefore, they go on to argue, the force of these considerations will gradually undermine the strength of the national spirit and reduce the importance of the Anglo-Indian issue. In my judgment this is a complete misconception. So long as the present conflict between the two peoples continues not only will it unite men of all opinions in India (just as Redmond and Devlin, men of widely divergent political beliefs, worked together in the Irish party), but it will also be used as an explanation by popular speakers of the economic plight of the masses of India. That, shortly, is

the lesson that we have learnt from our experience in other cases. Whatever course is decided on, it is certainly very foolish to base our policy upon delusive hopes of this kind.

The parties in a position to take office in the six provinces have declined to do so. Those on the left would have wished to decline in any case. But there is still—and that is the remarkable thing—a large body of opinion even in Congress which desires some appeasement of the Anglo-Indian quarrel. Mr. Gandhi, not for the first time, has come forward with a compromise proposal, the exact meaning of which it is very difficult to understand. In any case it has been rejected and minority ministries are being formed. These ministries will have to face the vote of the Assemblies. Ordinary party conflict will no doubt rapidly destroy them, but something else may happen. Issues may be raised in which they will find themselves in agreement with the Congress majority and in conflict with the Governor. What will happen then? The Governor will be driven to use his extreme powers. Once this has happened all the cards will be in the hands of Congress. They can lie quiet, or they can make public demonstrations according as the Governor's policy is popular or unpopular. The outlook is indeed a very gloomy one. It is true to say that the problems of India are not fundamentally the conflict between races. They are economic, and it is essential that the party representing the mass of Indian opinion should take responsibility for dealing with them. It is essential, that is to say, that such terms should be made as will induce the majorities to take office. This they decline to do unless the Governors give certain assurances. As to the exact nature of these assurances we are in the dark. The Secretary of State has defined quite clearly the responsibilities of the Governors. They have no power of their own. They are the servants of Parliament. Their Instruments of Instructions are indeed an act of Parliament. But Mr. Gandhi has declared that the Congress does not desire the "slightest abrogation of the Constitution." He speaks of a pledge by ministers to act in a constitutional way in return for which they appear to seek what they regard as a normal undertaking, under a self-governing constitution, that the special powers shall not be used. There the matter rests, with the prospect of a breakdown.

What is to be done? A few things must be remembered.

First : Parliament has deliberately assumed responsibility and the issue is really between Parliament and the majority ministers. Second : Congress or any other party has a right to demand the abrogation of the Constitution and promote this aim in every proper way. Third : This is an All-India problem and any attempt to break up the All-Indian Congress organisation by forcing separate provincial settlements is a mistake. Fourth : It is idle to speak resentfully of Congress "attempting to set up an alternative Government." The majority party in any province ought to be not an *alternative* Government, but *the* responsible Government.

It is not only Congress but, so far as reported, all sections of the public who desire at this stage Conference concession and agreement. Once it can be made clear that responsibility conceded and accepted is the straight road to full self-government, difficulties should disappear.

W. WEDGWOOD BENN.

CATALONIA IN ARMS.

SOONER or later, far distant as that event may seem at the moment, the Civil War in Spain must come to an end; and either the end itself, or the beginning of the end, is likely to come in Catalonia. If, with Madrid taken, the armies of General Franco push eastwards, it seems probable that the first effective resistance with which they will meet beyond the capital will be on the border of that region which has most to lose in the event of his victory—the one region which was given Home Rule by the Second Republic. If, on the other hand, the Valencia Government is going to turn continual disaster and apparent defeat into eventual victory, this will be attributable in great part to Barcelona. For since, after a two-day struggle, the rebellious Barcelona garrisons were put down in July 1936, and the “proletarian revolution” which had been rehearsed so often under the Republic was consummated, the factories of the largest city in Spain have been continuously employed in the production of war material, and no other city can be working so feverishly and so effectively to this end.

The seizure of power in Catalonia by the Workers' Unions and the creation of a collectivist State, almost independent of the rest of Red Spain, are by now matters of common knowledge. The purpose of this article is to trace the history of Catalonia since the capture of Málaga by the Nationalists on February 8th and to show how this—one of the most important events of the war—has modified the temper of the Catalan people.

Why, it may well be asked, should the fall of a city on the south coast of Spain have any great effect upon a quasi-independent State in the north-east? Why Málaga? Why not Badajoz, Irún, San Sebastián or Toledo? Partly because the capture of Málaga is of far greater consequence than that of the foregoing: it is both a larger city in itself and of greater importance in that its possession gives the Nationalists a more effective control of the Mediterranean. But partly also because the attitude of the Valencia Government to its numerous defeats changed with the loss of Málaga. Previously it has said nothing of disasters and done its best to hide them. On the day after the fall of Irún, the Government press *communiqué* had simply remarked that the enemy were

"attempting" to take the town, but that their attacks were "shattered by the courage of the loyal troops." On the day after the fall of Toledo, the official report ran: "Our troops have been obliged to give ground, which they have done in perfect order." But on the day after the fall of Málaga the Government press everywhere rang with cries for new effort, denunciations of defeatist policy and demands for a more efficient prosecution of the war. And nowhere were these cries more vibrant than in Catalonia. *Tothom al costat del Govern!* "Each and all must rally to the Government!" was the slogan of the day. "They shall not win!" was the main headline, on February 11th, of the staid old *Vanguardia*. "Never again!" exclaimed the Socialist paper *Treball*, and other organs of the proletariat took up the cry.

The loss of Málaga is not an event that can be disregarded because it was inevitable. Quite the contrary: we must speak of it and speak of it again and again, so that we may learn its lessons.—*Treball*, February 11th, 1937.

Let us hope that the fall of Málaga will give us what the people are demanding vociferously. . . . Unity, discipline, and—to the front!—*Diari de Barcelona*, February 10th, 1937.

Even if we had lost Madrid the war would not have come to an end. We have lost Málaga, after a heroic struggle which has been the admiration of the world, and international Fascism has not abated a jot of the courage of the workers in arms.—*Solidaridad Obrera*, February 11th, 1937.

What were these things which the people were demanding with such insistence and these lessons which it was so important to learn? Principally three: unity of command; cessation of strife between the parties composing the Popular Front and the immediate creation of one great unified, popular Catalan army.

Party unity was achieved first of the three—achieved, that is to say, as far as is ever likely to be the case when parties of absolutely antithetical ideals are collaborating. Nowhere had the strife between the four chief Left groups been fiercer than in Catalonia, for here not only were both the centralising influence of Soviet Russia and the strength of the decentralising Anarcho-Syndicalist groups greater than in most parts of Spain, but the bourgeois supporters of "pure Republicanism," who deprecated extremism in any form, including the new collectivist State, were numerous, though temporarily

deprived of influence and power. Time and again during the latter months of 1936 the parties had neared the condition of open warfare and their dissensions had produced one political crisis, either public or private, after another. But since the December reconstruction of the Government of the Generalitat the parties had come nearer to sinking their differences than ever before, and, two days after Málaga fell, a round-table conference between Syndicalist, Socialist, Unified Socialist and Anarchist Unions, convoked "to study the general political and military situation in the country," produced the following rather academic but highly significant resolution :

That, inasmuch as the strictest and most loyal unity is necessary among us, as also between us and the other organisations of the anti-Fascist front, we agree to ratify our unity on the basis of the pact already established between our four bodies . . . urging the Government to take the measures necessary for a rapid and definite organisation of the Popular Army and to intensify war production so that the Aragonese front may speedily meet the exigencies of the moment.

So much for the situation as between the extremist Unions. A much more serious question, however, was that of the relations between the Unions, the Esquerra (or Catalan Left Republican party), and the great mass of Catalan opinion, which during the seven months of extremist rule—less tolerable, thought many of them, than the seven years of Monarchist Dictatorship—had gradually realised that its position was becoming hopeless. Whichever side won the war, the dream of Catalonians of their country's development and prosperity under the Home Rule they had won for themselves was vanishing. Both General Franco and the Communists repudiated anything approaching regional autonomy ; the Anarcho-Syndicalists laughed at what they called bourgeois federalism and proposed, if they triumphed, to establish a very different kind of federalism of their own. Could anything be done to bring these elements more closely together ? At the least, attempts could be made.

The first attempt was the foundation, by the Anarcho-Syndicalist Union (C.N.T.), of a new daily "regional organ," written wholly in Catalan, and called *Catalunya*. This, in a country where daily papers spring up like mushrooms in a

night, and are as soon forgotten, may not seem very important, but in reality it was symptomatic of a genuine *rapprochement*. The Anarcho-Syndicalists are easily the most important extremist force in Catalonia—both by their numbers and because they have more in common with Catalonian ideals than any other body. President Companys and his Esquerra party, since the disappearance of the Conservative Lliga Catalana, are the sole organised representatives of genuine Catalonian opinion. Each of these groups has long desired to make itself master of the other, and this seems to have been the aim of each in joining forces. The first number of *Catalunya* appeared on February 22nd. It was indeed a weird medley of fervid Catalanism and ideals completely irreconcilable with those of an autonomous Catalonia. "For anarchists," wrote one C.N.T. official, "there is no such thing as a native land—only the world." Yet "anarchism was born in Catalonia, and Barcelona is its home." "Long live Catalonia!" cry the headlines and the leading article of this first number. Yet, writes Federica Montseny on the front page, "we are universalists, free from all taint of regionalism." What was the Catalonian in the street to make of all this, especially as this paper which renounced age-old Catalonian ideals and employed the Catalan language to do so, bore also on its front page the image and subscription of Catalonia's President, accompanied by an article of commendation? Obviously, this was a mere emotional appeal to Catalonian sentiment, which lost its force immediately one began seriously to think about it: evidently it was launched with the idea and hope that Catalonia had ceased to think. For those who had not, the Generalitat issued an imposing *communiqué* at the end of the same month, reporting that President Companys had urged upon it the imperative necessity for a united front both for winning the war and for "completing the social transformation which constitutes the aspiration of our people." It was clear that, whatever the future, unity was to be the watchword for the present.

This accomplished, the next thing was to transform the Catalan army, established in the preceding December, into a genuine "army of the people." Within a fortnight of the loss of Málaga, the Government of the Republic had decreed the mobilisation of all men belonging to the 1932 to 1936 classes, and throughout Catalonia, as elsewhere, the decree

had been acclaimed as a "fulfilment of the will of the people, spontaneously manifested all over loyal Spain."* But in Barcelona, at least, the popular will had outrun Governmental measures. Early in February the employees of General Motors, engaged on war production, had announced their intention of meeting daily after hours for military training. Their example was infectious. The Barcelona employees of Ford, Pirelli and Hispano-Suiza, gas and electricity workers, telegraph operators, bank clerks and all kinds of other men engaged on necessary service formed similar bands. They began their work on the third Sunday in February with parades in all the large open spaces of Barcelona, and at six o'clock on the following evening passers-by were amazed to find the great Plaça de Catalunya and the centre walks of the long plane-lined avenues known as the Rambles filled with companies of workers drilling under instructors from the barracks, their total number being estimated as fifteen thousand. This was the first event of the *Setmana pro Exèrcit Popular*—a week devoted to recruiting throughout Catalonia for the "Regular Army of the People."

On the last day of February, a Sunday that will long be remembered, a successful week came to a grandiose climax. The daily sight of bands of eager young men training in streets and squares in order to qualify for admission to the Army of the People had been more effective than weeks of oratory. Further, the new understanding between Esquerra and Unions had resulted in the giving of a new prominence to Catalan ideals; the *bandera barrada* or striped flag of Catalonia had for a time taken the place of the Socialist and Communist red flag and the Anarchist red-and-black. For months, Catalans who were inspired by the ideals of none of the Unions had been almost in the position of that much-talked-of but possibly fabulous "Fifth Column," composed of supporters of General Franco in Madrid who were reputed to be ready to rise as one body, from all parts of the capital, and slay their oppressors, upon his victorious entry. There is little doubt that, had some leader in Catalonia arisen in support of genuinely Catalonian aspirations during the first seven months of the war, his fellow-countrymen would have flocked to him from all sides. But now the symbol of Catalan liberty had been unfurled in the service of the Republic and (though the

* *Treball*, February 23rd, 1937.

fact was not obvious) in that of the "proletarian Revolution." And for the first time the people responded with a single voice. "Never until last Sunday," remarked the Socialist organ *Las Noticias* (February 23rd) of the day on which the Army Week began, "was Barcelona really moved by the war. It was not a question of isolated groups coming together. It was a meeting of the entire youth of Catalonia."

What an imposing spectacle the great demonstration which closed the recruiting week must have been only those familiar with Barcelona can adequately imagine. From half-past ten in the morning until a quarter to three in the afternoon the long procession, consisting chiefly of soldiers of the "new Army," marched through the central square of Barcelona, the Plaça de Catalunya. Flags and banners were carried aloft, together with placards bearing life-sized representations of Macià, Azaña, Largo Caballero, Companys and heroes of the war (described as the "General Staff of the Army of Liberty"). The crowd, estimated at 300,000, lined a route over four miles long. As a climax to the march-past came an act of dedication, made in the presence of President Companys by the immense crowd which flocked into the Square and completely filled it.

"With to-day's manifestation," said the President, "the New Army Week comes to an end and there begins a new period of discipline, iron will and stern resolution."

"Victory will be ours because we will it so, because we merit it, and because fate has decided it in the name of the eternal forces of civilisation and progress."

"Catalonians! Do you promise, for the honour of your regiments, to endure every sacrifice and put forth every effort in order to conquer Fascism?"

"Do you promise this also for the lives and the future of your children?"

"Do you promise it for the sake of your own dignity and of your rights as individuals and as a people?"

After each question the President paused and the great crowd sent back to him a clamorous *Sí*.

"Catalonians!" concluded the President. "Your promise has ascended into the infinite spaces, has made itself heard throughout the world and will penetrate into the future to be judged by generations yet to come. Remember this, Catalonians! *Visca la Llibertat!*"

So, with *visques* for the Republic, for Catalonia and for the Generalitat, the demonstration came to an end. Theatrical it may perhaps sound to a soberer race, but it struck the right note, and there is no doubt that the determination of the Catalonians is firmer, and their morale higher, than at any time since the war began. From the point of view of the Valencia Government, too, it came very opportunely, for only two days earlier Sr. Largo Caballero had published a long and extremely frank statement threatening resignation if there were any more suggestions of compromise with the enemy. Though "really satisfied" with the progress of the war, he was profoundly uneasy at the manœuvres being carried out in loyal territory by the "agents of Fascism" and at the common talk of "intervention with a view to terminating the struggle." Lip-service was being paid to the ideals of democracy, but loyalty and obedience were not what they had been. "We must fight on bravely and carry sacrifice to its utmost limit. . . . We must crush, with iron hand, all in our ranks who take the standpoint of the enemy." To all this the Barcelona demonstration provided an effective answer, as well as producing an invigorating effect all over loyal Spain.

In the "rearguard," too, Catalonia is preparing for more sacrifices. With the increased and increasing efficiency of the new police forces, public order has greatly improved, and a joint manifesto issued by them at the end of February not only forecast a tightening up of discipline, but revealed, by implication, a vastly healthier public spirit. Food shortage has also been taken in hand, and throughout Catalonia bread rationing came into force at the beginning of March, each person being allowed only 250 grammes daily.

The progress of the Government's troops during March and early April gave an added zest to the voluntary training movement in Catalonia and the tone of letters received from Barcelona, as well as that of the press, has been much more cheerful than during the winter. Confidence in an eventual victory for the Government seems quite to have revived, especially since the defeat of the Italians on the Guadalajara front in mid-March. Only one disturbing feature has occurred—a recrudescence of that party strife which one had thought to have been more nearly under control, but which will probably reappear yet again, since the settlement announced on April 5th can hardly be permanent. The trouble first

blazed up early in March between the Unified Socialists and the P.O.U.M. (Workers' Party of Marxist Unification), which has suffered from its supposed affiliation with the Moscow Trotskyists, and has been said, on its own part, to have done a good deal in stirring up the disaffection towards Russia which has increased during the spring. The slightheadedness of the new quarrel between these two parties only emphasises the degree of tension which everyone feels to be existing. The political parties and Unions had drawn up a document renouncing the use of violence and calumny in their press and propagandist campaigns. The document, a typical gesture of the times, could have had little effect, but a sensation was caused when the Unified Socialists refused to sign it. On top of this came a much more serious crisis, which on March 26th caused the resignation of the Catalonian Government. This was due to a variant on the same theme—the continual clash between the two groups of parties with antithetical ideals, on this occasion between the Socialists and the Anarcho-Syndicalists. For three and a half months the last Government had managed to hold together, and at first it seemed as though a slight reshuffling of portfolios would ease the difficulties. After a week had passed, however, Sr. Terradellas declared that no formula had been found and on the next day the President of the Generalitat announced that the numbers in the Cabinet had been reduced, by a combination of portfolios, from eleven to six, and that Socialists, Syndicalists and Esquerra would have exactly equal representation. There seems no guarantee in this arrangement that the rivalry will be any the less fierce, and we may certainly expect further crises before the summer.

E. ALLISON PEERS.

AUSTRIA AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

AT the time of writing the rumours of a *rapprochement* between Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia cannot be taken very seriously. Between Hungary and Czechoslovakia not only the Habsburg question, but the territorial problem stands as a formidable obstacle. Yet the new perspective is the consequence of circumstances of a weighty and possibly permanent character. Some years ago an Austrian visitor to M. Laval, then Foreign Secretary of France, referring to a *rapprochement* between France and Italy, expressed the opinion that it would be welcomed in Austria. M. Laval observed : " Not if it were effected *sur le dos de l'Autriche*." A similar observation might be applied to the present situation. Austria certainly had reason to be gratified at the re-establishment of cordial relations between Rome and Berlin, which, in view of the recognition of Austrian independence by Germany, eliminated the danger of a serious conflict between Austria's neighbours. However, this country can hardly welcome the construction of an " axis " which is bound to impart an element of rigidity and of exclusiveness to the whole system. For nations living between the poles of such an axis there is an evident danger of being impaled on it, if they are not very strong. There is no question of Austria's and Hungary's desire to stick to the Rome Agreements—for political, economic and psychological reasons—but they equally desire to keep a certain liberty of movement to the west.

Events which have taken place since Herr von Neurath was in Vienna have confirmed them in these intentions. A prominent diplomat is reported as having said : " A few more such visits and the Agreement of July 11th, 1936, is a thing of the past." Conversations began in an atmosphere dangerously close to the freezing point. On the Austrian side Herr von Neurath's attention was drawn to certain newspaper prohibitions in Germany and to appointments made there which were felt as an insult here. Herr von Neurath, doubtless in perfect good faith, disclaimed any knowledge of such things ; but this drew the sharp rejoinder that in such circumstances a conversation was nearly useless. The inference is that party influences behind the scene of the Berlin Foreign Office, which frequently interfere with the conduct of official business, had

again put a spoke in Herr von Neurath's wheel. However, neither such differences as there were, nor the noisy demonstrations of Hitler sympathisers on his arrival would be worth recording if in important problems of a general nature a feeling of estrangement after the honeymoon of reconciliation were not growing apace.

To mention the most recent events only: Austria could not remain entirely indifferent when in Hungary radicals of the right, in an atmosphere of cordial relations with Germany, prepared a revolutionary attempt to apply their racial prejudices. The revolt was nipped in the bud, and the Hungarian Government was able rapidly and without apparent exertion to make the adventurers turn tail. But events of the kind are a warning. Another circumstance is the fight against communism. In Austria severe penalties are meted out for attempts at communist activity. However, neither Dr. von Schuschnigg nor any of his henchmen have ever fallen into a crusading spirit against communism, or have been tempted to engage in an ideological warfare and the outlawry of the Soviet Union as systematically preached from Berlin. On the contrary, the Chancellor only a few weeks ago cautiously but plainly let it be understood that Austria feels herself quite strong enough to keep any communist tendencies under strict control without special and violent exertions. A third fact of importance from the point of view of Austro-German relations is that a country essentially Catholic like Austria was bound to react sharply when the Papal Encyclical revealed the religious distress of German Catholics. At a time when the Sovereign Pontiff himself in a moving pastoral letter impugns Nazi loyalty to treaty obligations, and feels compelled to contemplate the necessity of a spiritual fight in defence of religion, Austria could not let her political conduct be guided by the self-styled "Builders of the Bridge," who are to be found even in some ecclesiastical quarters of Rome.

In these circumstances the position of the Nazis in Austria has deteriorated rather than improved. Disguised as "pronouncedly nationals" they had two representatives in the Cabinet, Herr von Neustädter-Stürmer in charge of public security and Herr von Glaise-Horstenau at the head of the Ministry of the Interior. The former proved himself woefully lacking in skill and stability of purpose, but his readiness to revise his political tenets held out no hopes of a development

towards a higher form of statesmanship. Originally a nationalist, he later became an adherent of Prince Starhemberg and faithfully followed his leader into all the latter's blunders. At Starhemberg's fall he left him and consented to remain Austrian Minister at Budapest, before he was appointed to the Cabinet again. There he tried to acquire a nuisance value by grouping around him camouflaged Nazis who were to be organised in a German Social Popular Union at Graz. This would have meant for all practical purposes the resurrection of the National-Socialist party in Austria; the Patriotic Front would have ceased to be the sole instrument of the political will of the population; and Austria would again have become the plaything of party coalitions. In that case the political legacy of Dollfuss would have been lost, and German recognition of the independence of Austria become an empty word. However, the heyday of Nazi ambitions was short. Public opinion became alarmed and protests were voiced in the provinces. There was some plain speaking in the press and the project was quickly dropped. What remained was the unpleasant taste of the fact that a few hundred persons, some of them prominent in public life, had consented to act as sponsors of the proposed union. But no seditious intention can be imputed to them since the plan had the active support of a Cabinet Minister.

Herr von Neustädter-Stürmer was discharged from the Government on March 21st, his place being taken not by another exponent of the Nationalists but by the Chancellor himself, who chose as his adviser in matters relating to public security the President of the Police, Dr. Skubl, whose impartiality and unreserved loyalty to the State have never been in doubt. Dr. Skubl's personality is forceful without a hint of brutality. He has authority without resort to the clenched fist. His complete command of the apparatus of public security, his broad intellectual interests, his conciliatoriness which, however, never leads him to gloss over things, make him the worthy heir of Schober. The new State Secretary of public security is not the man to pave the way for the accession of Hitlerism. To propitiate the Nationalists who lost a Cabinet office, the Chancellor promised the organisation within the Patriotic Front of a bureau in charge of their interests; but this is considered as a mere gesture without great importance. Austria has thus been able to reap

the benefits of the agreement with Germany while avoiding its dangers. She has no more let herself be enmeshed in the net of the new friendship than she submitted to bullying before. She has gradually found herself, and it would perhaps be apt to apply to her case the words of the mother of Napoleon, *Pourvu que cela dure*.

A short visit to Czechoslovakia provides food for absorbing reflections. There you have a country surrounded on three sides by inimical neighbours, an island as you might say in a sea of hostility, with deep ethnical, political and social cleavages. Yet great progress has been made towards the goal of internal pacification by the compromise with the Germans. Czechoslovakia, as the Prime Minister Dr. Hodza put it in a conversation with the writer, has passed her matriculation. The agreement is not mere make-believe designed to impress public opinion abroad. On the contrary, as the writer was assured by the German Minister Spina, Dr. Benes has made himself responsible for the scrupulous fulfilment of the compromise, and the first batch of important appointments has already been published. The pact was made between the Government and the German parties which are for active co-operation. For Dr. Benes as for Dr. Hodza, it was a well-deserved satisfaction that their own radical nationalists intimated approval, and especially that from so strong a personality as Dr. Kramars, a passionate critic and fierce opponent of the Government, came the words: I do not protest. Dr. Hodza is right in interpreting this attitude as a symptom of the fact that in Czechoslovakia as in England the parliamentary opposition, notwithstanding severe criticism of the Government, is never oblivious of its responsibilities to the nation as a whole. The Government declined to include the Henlein party in the negotiations, holding the not unreasonable opinion that in a democracy a totalitarian group has no claim to be treated on the same footing as the constitutionalists. A party which refuses every kind of co-operation has no right to a share in the credit for results which the loyalist German parliamentarians had obtained through sacrifices and disdain of demagogy. There is some justification for the hope that the by no means homogeneous German opposition will be weakened by the agreement, the moral and material benefits of which may well cure many of Herr Henlein's supporters of their Hitler sympathies. The fact

that the extensive rearmament programme and the devaluation of the Czech crown increases employment in the German-speaking districts with their highly developed industry is also likely to play an important part.

In regard to foreign policy the prevailing note in all statements from responsible quarters is one of strong confidence. As far as relations with England are concerned, the growing comprehension manifested in London of the importance which Central European affairs may have for the Continent as a whole is noted with great satisfaction. A clearer formulation of British interest in this part of the world would naturally be welcome. But a general conflagration is not anticipated. In the opinion of the Czechoslovak Premier the chances of the preservation of peace, which were 50 : 50 in December, are now 90 : 10. In British rearmament above all he sees one of the decisive safeguards which will make an aggression against peace-loving countries too risky. Another reason why Dr. Hodza does not believe in the imminence of war is his settled opinion that France, under the leadership of Léon Blum, in spite of occasional disturbances, has successfully passed the acute phase of political and financial danger. Further, authoritative quarters in Czechoslovakia rightly or wrongly hold the view that there is a growing conviction in Germany that little can be gained and much might be lost by a continued resort to surprise tactics.

The darker spots in the picture are the relations with Poland, which still leave much to be desired, and the lack of an agreement with Yugoslavia in regard to the Soviet Union. In conversation with the writer, Dr. Hodza reacted with great energy against plans for the restoration of the Habsburgs in Austria, which in his opinion would be a catastrophe. In unequivocal terms he pointed out the grave risks from another quarter which Austria would run in the case of a surprise action. Regret was expressed at the Belgian attitude, as it might to some extent hamper French liberty of movement. But it is hoped that an agreement will eventually be arrived at between Belgium and France whereby in given circumstances, say in the case of an unprovoked aggression against Czechoslovakia, the full observance of the Covenant will be guaranteed. The charge of a bolshevisation of the country is rightly described as ridiculous. President Benes is known to be the sworn enemy of a "popular front"

experiment, and he would not appoint any government of an extremist character, whether right or left. The greatest care is bestowed on the scrupulous avoidance of anything that might be made into a cause of an external conflict. Czechoslovakia's policy in this respect is shaped on the English model. While she proceeds with an extensive rearmament programme as rapidly as circumstances permit, she endeavours to remove all pretexts for interference and agitation. Co-operation with Germany would be welcome, but no "axis" and no hegemony. Collaboration with the Danubian countries is the thing most earnestly desired. It may be easier to achieve now that the tension between Yugoslavia and Italy has been removed.

In the economic field the progress in recent months has been imposing, amounting on an average to about 22 per cent. over the preceding year. The production figures of 1929 have almost been reached. In the iron industry the previous high record has even been exceeded, and employment is two and a half times what it was at low-water level in 1932. Conditions in the textile industry which had long been distressed, and in the glass industry, have also greatly improved. The one fact which is apt to cause a certain alarm is the rapid rise of the prices of industrial raw materials; but so far the cost of living has not been greatly affected thereby.

Austria has also lately made considerable economic progress. Public subscriptions to the Investment Loan produced 160 million schillings, of which over 100 million was in small and medium-sized amounts, and no artifices were required to secure this gratifying result. The loan has no gold clause, and its yield is somewhat lower than the present yield of other Government securities. Interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is a rate not far removed from pre-war days, and so was the price of issue. The proceeds of the loan enable the Minister of Finance to fund part of the floating debt, to defray the costs of urgently required military equipments, and to finance capital expenditure, chiefly of the road and railway systems. The electrification of the Salzburg-Linz section is being undertaken, and many roads are to be repaired and modernised. By State guarantees and subsidies about 100 millions will be mobilised to promote building activity, which has so far been depressed. The number of unemployed is at present about 17,000 below the figure of a year ago, and exports have risen despite

devaluations in other countries, as the iron and steel industry, the paper mills and some lines of the textile industry have benefited by the world economic improvement. If to these forces of recovery the public works undertaken by the Government are added, it is perhaps not too sanguine to hope that Austria is heading for a moderate prosperity.

Much remains to be desired, in both politics and economics. The corporative organisation has not quite proceeded at the rate it should, and Dr. von Schuschnigg has now appointed as his adviser in matters of the kind Dr. Ender, a former Chancellor and now President of the Court of Audits. As regards the corporative system Professor Messner, a prominent expert on the subject who is close to the clericals, has pointed to two grave dangers inherent in the idea. One is that the State reserves the right of appointing the delegates of the guilds, and grants to the latter an insufficient measure of autonomy. The other is that the self-interest of the guilds might overbear their public spirit. Professor Messner urges the necessity of allowing the people a larger share in the control of the State, and suggests direct elections to the Leaders' Council of the Patriotic Front instead of nominations by the guilds only. The latter in his opinion must at present be defined as mere organisations for the defence of corporate interests, while they should strive to become unions for collective work in the interest of the State. Warnings of the kind, inspired by undoubted patriotic sentiments, go together with demands for greater publicity of the deliberations of legislative bodies, a reduction of taxes, encouragement for private enterprise, and a more liberal credit policy. Consumption has not progressed on the same scale as production, and in this respect the situation is not altogether free from misgivings.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

Vienna.

THE HUNGARIAN QUESTION.

IN Mussolini's speech at Milan, on November 1st, 1936, we had an unusually clear and definite statement on the Magyar Question. What so many people had thought, and muttered privately, for so long; what even statesmen had occasionally hinted; what most had feared even to suggest in public—the Italian Dictator said right out, *more suo*. And however bitterly and deeply British public opinion may be opposed to the Duce in various matters, great and outstanding matters among them, however grieved we may often feel by his policies and his words, in this subject there may well be some response from any and all British observers and students of international affairs. "Until justice is done to Hungary there can be no final co-ordination of interests in the Danube basin. Hungary is truly the great mutilated nation. Four millions of Hungarians live beyond her present frontiers." And Mussolini added that, in claiming to pursue abstract justice in the said Danube basin, other injustice, perhaps greater, had been committed. The Italian people, he continued, recognised the manly qualities of the Magyars, their courage, their spirit of sacrifice. Soon, it might be, there would be a "solemn opportunity" for those Italian sympathies to find public and striking manifestation.

Everyone in this country at all interested and informed as to South-Eastern and Central Europe—its history, its racial values, its present conditions—has known, or suspected, or feared, all along, that the treatment of Hungary by the Peace Settlements of 1919 (like the treatment of Germany) was remarkably harsh and punitive. Terrible but just, said apologists of Versailles and Trianon, at the time. But now a far wider circle would surely question the justice, while more and more regretting the terror.

In the case of Germany the extreme advocates of punishment and vengeance in 1919, baulked of their hopes of absolutely crippling territorial mutilations (at least in the West), trusted in the efficacy of another weapon which was to be no less effective—the economic. ("Here"—with Indemnities and Reparations—"we come to the really solid framework of the treaty. Here is the network from which Germany will never be able to escape.") But in the case of Hungary it was less possible to extract, or hope for, enormous payments—it

was more possible to carry out sweeping territorial alienations. And especially in the name of the new little nations which were being created or aggrandised—which in any case claimed reward as allies of the triumphant Cause. Were not the Magyars, had they not been for many years (said French detractors) *les hobereaux des Allemands*?

The great political architects and map-makers at Paris, therefore, proceeded to deprive the Realm of St. Stephen of more than two-thirds of its land (say 72 per cent.) and of almost two-thirds (say 64 per cent.) of its population and economic wealth. Pre-War Hungary was a land of 325,000 square kilometres (or about 125,000 English square miles)—counting its Croatian and Slavonian lands. By the Peace Settlement she has been deprived of 232,000 square kilometres, and left with less than 100,000—93,000 would seem to be about the figure. From an area almost the same as that of Britain-with-Ireland she has been reduced to the size of England without Wales. Within her territories she had in 1913-14 nearly twenty-one millions of people. She was left in 1919 with 7,500,000. Rumania alone has received more area at the expense of *Magyarország* (102,000 square kilometres) than has been left to that diminished and impoverished state. Thus Hungary lost most of her forests—more than four-fifths, indeed 88 per cent., of her total forest area. Of her pine woods she has only retained a still more insignificant fraction (less than one thirty-fifth)—for she has lost almost all her mountains. With all this sacrifice of timber and timber trade she has naturally been deprived of her paper material. Her iron-ore production, her principal mineral wealth, has been reduced by four-fifths, or even a little more. All her salt-mines, which were famous and valuable, have been taken from her. It is the same with her (less important) mines of gold and silver.

By President Wilson's axioms, and by the settlement which still—in territory, frontiers, and the content of states—regulates our Europe (though otherwise that settlement has been completely unsettled) it was declared vital that Poland should have access to the sea. And so a way to the sea was cut, for Poland, through the very body of Germany—an operation of political surgery from which even Napoleon had recoiled. But Hungary (being under sentence of political excommunication, interdict, and deposition) was now not

only cut off from the sea, but carefully and distantly removed from it. And all these losses (the Hungarians cry) are accentuated and embittered by the fact that Hungary is economically isolated, or almost isolated, from the rest of the world by the customs-duties of the Succession States that surround her. These States, by their very formation or expansion, are in a very difficult position. Either they must accept considerable (perhaps profound) modification—beginning with a far kindlier treatment of their Magyar, German, and other minorities—or they must rigidly continue their policy of uncompromising adhesion to the *status quo* as given by Versailles, Trianon, and St. Germain. And if they hold to the latter they must still be deeply hostile to Hungary's recovery; they must watch her every movement as cat watches mouse; and they must continually raise their armaments, if not their tariffs, against the Magyar danger—as against other perils.

Seldom was anything more riskily and more one-sidedly done in recent history than the aggrandisement of Poland, Rumania, Great Bohemia, and Great Serbia in 1919. Instead of consolidating truly national entities, the peace-makers here formed dominions with very composite characters and very questionable features. Millions of people of alien race, proud of their race and their culture (their own higher race and culture, as they often passionately believed), were, without mercy or appeal, swept into these new states. No self-determination, no plebiscite, no really adequate safeguards of minority rights—in so many cases. Was Lord Newton quite wrong when he declared in the House of Lords that the Peace Treaties had pushed down some twelve millions of Europeans from Higher to Lower Civilisation? Might he not have put the figure even higher?

We may all sympathise with the recognition—within truly Slavonic limits—of a Bohemian-Czech nationality, which has so often and so unsuccessfully attempted to express itself in earlier centuries. And we may also sympathise with a desire to give a new start in political life (if they themselves really demanded such) to the Croats, the Rumanians of Transylvania, and others. The Slovaks had every right to break away from Hungary, if such was their determined wish. But in every case the future was surely to be settled in accordance with an unfettered, definite, and considered vote. Otherwise there was no true settlement. Civilised mankind should not

be driven from one pen to another—like oxen—by the sheer will of a herdsman.

We all now condemn the eighteenth-century Partition of Poland—so far as it absorbed truly Polish lands. But the treatment of Hungary in our own days seems to go, we may say, quite half the way to absolute partition, and to be only in degree a less shameful violation of the rights of nations. And as in the case of Poland, Hungary had a glorious past, giving her perhaps some title to the gratitude rather than the vengeance of Christendom. If the Poles could point to John Sobieski, the Magyars could bring forward their John Hunyadi. The Magyar State in the thirteenth century was engulfed and desolated (like the old free Russia) by the Turco-Tartars of the Mongol deluge. And early in the sixteenth century, in the last years of Wolsey, and in the triumphant first years of Luther's Protestantism, Hungary for the most part perished as a martyr-nation, sacrificed to the Ottoman Turks, whose advance she had stemmed so long. That sacrifice lasted for nearly two hundred years—in its dreadful fullness. And when restored (by 1699) to something of a free, civilised, and Christian life, the Magyars still suffered, till 1867, the loss of complete independence and even of Home Rule.

Things have turned out even worse than the Treaty promised—complain the Hungarians. By the provisions of 1919 the free use of their language and religion was to be permitted to all subjects of the Succession States. Racial rights were not to be infringed. No laws or official instructions were to be issued or enforced contrary to these obligations. In towns and districts containing pretty large national minorities the new Government was to ensure that the children of such minorities should be taught in their mother-tongue.

In many ways and in thousands of cases (it is claimed by the Magyars) these provisions have been weakened, evaded, and even nullified. The Hungarian language—is it allowed free course in the annexed regions? Has not the Hungarian Press in those lands been cowed and broken by censorship and confiscation? Are not Hungarian notices and signs severely restricted? Are not persons harassed in many ways who speak Hungarian? In particular, is not the stage in many parts of these alienated lands almost closed to Hungarian players?

In education have not the New Governments constantly refused to allow the parents to decide what was the mother-tongue of the children, thus forcing the latter into schools which were abhorrent to their parents? Strong attacks have also been made (by the spokesmen of these National Minorities) on the conduct of the examinations, in which, it is asserted, Magyar candidates have been "failed" with suspicious frequency. Why should one in four, one in three, or even one in two, among these young folk, in certain years and in certain districts, be rejected, while among the little ones of dominant races failures are so much more rare?

In religion, especially, strong condemnation has come from external observers. Thus the American Unitarian Association and the Presbyterian World Union, through their Commissions of Investigation, gave very substantial support to many of the Hungarian grievances, the Presbyterians even declaring that none of the treaty rights provided for minorities in the annexed or "detached" territories were respected. Brutality and even terrorism, these Americans thought, often characterised the new rule.

Once firmly established in power and possession (which is nine-tenths of the law) the Succession States (it is said) discharged, rendered homeless, and often expelled, the old Hungarian officials, even those who took the new oath of allegiance with all possible circumspection. And they usually refused (a measure of especial harshness) to continue pensions to Hungarian pensioners, even to widows. Such, at least, is the *gravamen*. The Hungarian landowners, once so important and powerful a class, complain bitterly of the cruel cunning with which they have been extruded. In one and all of the Succession States (they protest) an initial process of harassing and squeezing was applied to them. Then by a Land Reform Act the law was skilfully brought into play against them, and in most cases they were only too glad to dispose of their properties, though often with ruinous loss. On the land thus acquired veritable Plantations of Ulster were carried out, and Czech, Serb, or Rumanian military settlers were put in occupation—frequently of districts historically and strongly Magyar in character.

No less ruthless in many cases was the treatment of Hungarian banks and factories, financial, industrial, and commercial undertakings, in the detached territories. By the

Minority Contracts the Succession States were forbidden to deprive the dwellers in the detached territories of their citizen-rights. But Trianon itself (at the instance, it is said, of these very Succession States) gave a loophole for evasion by the provision that only those were entitled to the new citizenship who belonged to the commune of a town or village. Taking advantage of this and of the vague, complicated, and even equivocal character of only too much Hungarian legislation, the new governments succeeded in excluding from citizenship many thousands of Magyars. In many of the annexed regions, as in Slovak-Land, the Hungarian Minority really extended far beyond Magyar speech and blood. In Slovakia indeed, as in certain parts of Transylvania (if we reckon by sympathy, the "citizenship of the heart"), it is no Minority, after all, but the great bulk of the people of the soil.

I have known some enthusiastic leaders of Czech nationalism, and I well remember how they deplored, away back in 1902-3, the Magyar affinities of those Slovaks, racially cousins or brothers of the Bohemian Czechs, but politically and culturally inclined (for the most part) to cling fast to the Hungarian connection which had so long, and on the whole, so happily and so prosperously subsisted.

Since their separation from *Magyarország* the Slovaks appear more and more to regret it; to deplore any spurts of ill-temper against their old allegiance in the past; to reaffirm their essential Hungarian sympathies; and to demand a free plebiscite. "For a thousand years the Slovaks loved their Hungarian home. . . They were always loyal to their [Magyar] Sovereign. . . They never shewed any political consanguinity with us Czechs, and even in their literature they severed themselves from us." So wrote a prominent Bohemian, decades before Trianon or the Great War. And it is just the same now. The Czechs (says a representative foreign journalist) insist that they and the Slovaks are one and the same nation: the Slovaks deny it. Yet surely Slovak consent is essential to this marriage?

In Transylvania—as in the Banat, and some other districts of the south, though not in Croatia—there also appears to be a formidable Hungarian case, although the details of the problem are here so different. In this Erdely (at the time of Trianon; about 1928; and at the present date) there was and is a majority, but surely only a small one, of the Rumanian

race. The great block of Szekely (Szekler) Hungarians and the lesser block of Saxon Germans (34·3 per cent. and 8·7 per cent.) together accounted for 43 per cent. of the population. These facts hardly entitled peace-dictators and map-makers, without plebiscite, to hand over the entire region to Rumania. When and where could you get a clearer case for a vote?

But considerable regions to the west of Transylvania or Erdely were also alienated from *Magyarország*, and presented to the Bucarest Government. And here the Rumanians had less than their Transylvanian preponderance. So that, looking at the whole area of Rumanian annexation from Hungary, the Rumanian race could claim only 43 per cent.—as against 35 Hungarian, 11 German, and some 10 per cent. of Ruthenians, Serbs, and Slovaks. Hardly a position for sweeping detachment and sweeping absorption of the whole of this vast block—except on the principle *No Pity for Hungary*. There was one way, and surely only one way, of settling matters justly, solidly, and peacefully, in the lands of the Dual Monarchy, at the end of the war. And that was self-determination. “He is of age, ask him. Let him speak for himself.” An American observer bluntly expresses what almost inevitably springs to the mind of so many as a hope, a fear, a sad reflection, or an impartial concession to irrefutable evidence: The Little Entente Nations did not dare to submit to plebiscitary decisions.

Yet such decisions were vehemently urged, from the Hungarian side, and from others, in 1919. And a French statesman, Millerand, as the official spokesman for the Trianon decisions, gave a typical answer. The Allied Powers “perceived with certainty that this consultation” (of a plebiscite) “would not give results substantially different from those . . . arrived at after . . . minute study. . . .” Hence the Powers considered it “superfluous to consult the population in this direction.” The Hungarian objection was declared groundless, and was set aside, with great composure. How much more frankly, intelligently, and honourably does Tardieu, an enemy of shams and side pretences, go to the heart of the matter. “We had to choose between a plebiscite and the founding of Czechoslovakia.” We had to choose between a plebiscite (he might have added) and such aggrandisement of Rumania and Serbia as we desired.

According to Trianon the Hungarian army was not to exceed 35,000 in peace time—or in war. But the armies of the three Succession States (Great Bohemia, Great Serbia, Great Rumania) lately numbered half a million, it is claimed, on a peace footing, and over four millions when mobilised for war. "Upon the ruins of Austria-Hungary a new Europe was built up." While "Germany accepted the Peace, France, through the instrumentality of that Peace, continued her military action. She responded to the allegiance offered by Prague . . . Belgrade, Bucarest. Under her leadership a reorganisation of Europe is being effected. . . . There must be no pity for Hungary." So wrote André Tardieu, joyously, in 1921. And Tardieu was one of the chief architects of the Treaty of Trianon, and so of the final partition and disarmament of Hungary.

But territorial deprivations are one thing. Internal restrictions, limitations of the rights of sovereignty, are another. And the people of the shrunken Magyarország could hardly be blamed for especially bitter protests against the military restrictions of 1919-20. As Robert Lansing protested, when he broke away from Woodrow Wilson and the whole system of the Paris Dictates (Versailles, Trianon, St. Germain, and Sèvres), these Treaties, if unmodified, were sources of new dangers, of lasting trouble, and probably even of new wars. This was as certain as day following night.

Together with M. Clemenceau and President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George was admittedly one of the chief architects of the Peace Settlement. Let us hear what he said about that settlement, and its sacro-sanctity—and especially about Trianon—in 1927. "In reference to the whole of the Treaties of 1919-20 I can state emphatically that their authors never claimed for them such a degree of perfection that they held them to be immutable. . . . We all distinctly contemplated the possibility of certain clauses and provisions of the Treaties themselves being made the subject of discussion, adjudication, and possible revision by the great tribunal set up in the first clause of those Treaties, the League of Nations." So the British statesman wrote to M. George Földiák, the Budapest banker, in September 1927. And somewhat to the same effect he spoke in the Queen's Hall in London on October 24th of the same year.

Happily the present moment is not without some brighter indications, even for the suffering minorities of the old Dual Monarchy. On February 19th, 1937, an Agreement was concluded dealing with the rights of the German element in Czechoslovakia. And by this Agreement most important concessions were made. The Germans were henceforward to participate in the administration in proportion to their numbers—a proportion fixed at 23 per cent. In public expenditure the Germans would now be considered proportionately, and in this connection German Ministers of State in the Czech Government would have powers of supervision. Special provision was made for aiding German cultural institutions, and for checking unemployment. And the law prohibiting the official use of the German language in Czechoslovakia virtually disappeared. May such an understanding be soon concluded also on the Hungarian side of the Great Bohemia Problem, and may it be imitated in Rumania and Great Serbia. “Four millions of Hungarians live outside the present frontiers of Hungary.” And more than half of these live only just outside, and could be restored to their native land by slight adjustment of the border zones.

RAYMOND BEAZLEY.

CORONATION MUSIC.

“Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon King. And all the people rejoiced and said, God save the King. Long live the King. May the King live for ever.”

IF tradition is followed, these words will be sung at the most solemn moment of the Coronation, the anointing of the King by the Archbishop, to Handel's music. Handel wrote four anthems for George II's Coronation, and one of the most inspired of them is *Zadok the Priest*, so that no Coronation since has seemed complete without his setting. But the use of these words at this, the supreme moment of the ceremony, is of immemorial antiquity, for they appear, together with the psalm *The King shall rejoice*, which was also set by Handel, in the Pontifical of Egbert, who was consecrated Bishop in 732. In this ancient service book there is an order for the Coronation of Kings, and here is found the direction for anointing with oil while an antiphon and psalm are sung :

Hic verget oleum cum cornu super capud ipsius cum antiphona : “ Uncserunt Salomonem ” et Psalm “ Domine in Virtute tua.”

The plainsong notation for *Uncserunt Salomonem* (*Zadok the Priest*) can be seen at Westminster Abbey in Abbot Litlington's great Missal, which was used at the Coronation of Richard II in 1377, the psalm following, as in the ancient service, immediately after it. The *Liber Regalis*, a smaller but even more richly decorated book, made at the Abbey by one of the monks for the use of the King at the ceremony, sets forth the whole ceremonial in detail, and is of great importance, for it set the standard for all Coronations afterwards.

The Coronation ceremony, or more correctly the Hallowing of the King, has changed little in all this passage of centuries. The King is solemnly consecrated to his high office by the Primate, and publicly dedicates himself before God to the service of his people, with all the rich and symbolic ceremonial of the Mediæval Church. The anointing is the central fact of the service, the crowning being but the chief of many investitures. The first change, if change it can be called, from the full Latin ritual, which had been used even for the Coronation of the “ protestant ” boy-king Edward VI, was

made by Elizabeth, who directed that the Epistle and Gospel should be read first in Latin and then in English, as a sop to her protestant subjects. Elizabeth was welcomed at the West Door of the Abbey by the clergy singing *Salve festa dies* (*Hail thee, Festival Day*), the plainsong melody of which may be found in the English Hymnal beside Vaughan Williams' fine modern tune. The *Veni Creator* was sung, no doubt, to the ancient and lovely tune which is still sung to-day, the notes of which are clearly indicated in the Litlington Missal, and as at Mary's Coronation, "the quire sung and the organs did play *Te Deum*" before Mass was sung.

But during Elizabeth's reign many things happened to make the next Coronation a momentous one. In 1559 she published injunctions to her clergy, in which she said there were to be no alterations in the services, but added, good musician that she was, "Nevertheless, for the comforting of such as delight in Musick it may be permitted that . . . there may be sung an hymn, or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and musick that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived." A little later we learn that "the hymns were sung after a more melodious manner, with organs commonly, and sometimes with other musical instruments, as the solemnity required."

This was the period when secular music invaded the Mediæval Church, bringing a flood of new inspiration into her services, now first set to English words. At the Chapel Royal the names of Tye, Tallis, Byrd, Blitheman and Bull appear as organists, Bull who has been aptly called "the Liszt of his age." Settings of "Morning and Evenyng prayer and Communion, set forthe in foure partes, to be sung in Churches, both for men and children," appeared in 1565. Tallis set the Litany, Morley the Burial Service, while Weelkes at Chichester, Tomkins at Worcester, and Gibbons at Westminster, among a host of musicians, vied with one another in pouring out a wealth of fine music for the services in English. William Byrd, the most versatile and gifted of them all, went on writing for both the English and the Latin Rites throughout his long life, and was a member of the Chapel Royal from 1569 till his death in 1623. He was one of the Royal Organists for more than thirty years, and earned the title, even in his lifetime, of "the parent of British music."

When James I arrived from Scotland to be crowned, the Coronation service was hurriedly translated into English and punctuated with anthems. The book used may be seen at Lambeth Palace, written in manuscript in a florid hand, no other changes being made. It was usual for the King to go in procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, and it seems probable that Weelkes' anthem, *O Lord, grant the King a long life*, was sung on this occasion during the procession. It is a fine anthem, beginning in six and ending in seven parts, an extra bass part appearing towards the end. It became traditional for an anthem to these words to be sung during the procession, and settings exist by Tomkins, Child, Purcell, Church, Croft, Greene, Nares and Attwood, covering the period up to William IV's Coronation, when the procession was given up.

The King was greeted at the Abbey with the anthem, *Behold, O Lord our Protector* (which was later set to music by Blow for James II's Coronation, and used down to the time of George III). After acclamation, *Let thy hand be strengthened* was sung (later set both by Blow and Handel). Of the *Veni Creator* we read "the Archbishop beginneth the Hymn and the Quire sing it," which suggests that the old plainsong melody was sung, but the Litany may well have been Tallis' now familiar setting. At the anointing, *Zadok the Priest* was sung as always, followed by the *Te Deum*, while at the crowning *Be strong and of good courage* and *The King shall rejoice* were sung. All these anthems were translated out of the *Liber Regalis* and have been set and reset for later Coronations, their place in the service varying from time to time. Nothing is more remarkable about the Tudor School than the speed with which it attained to its zenith, the galaxy of composers it produced and the rapidity of its decline. Conspicuous among the later composers is Thomas Tomkins, one of the three organists of the Chapel Royal, who received forty shillings for music composed for Charles I's Coronation. This was the anthem, *O Lord grant the King a long life*, for four voices, which was printed in his *Musica Deo Sacra* in 1668. Tomkins has written many fine anthems, which are marked by grand, rather daring, progressions.

Charles I, we learn, often appointed the services himself, especially "that sharp service composed by Dr. William Child, being of his knowledge of Music a competent judge therein, and would play his part exactly well on the base viol,

especially of those incomparable fancies of Mr. Coperario to the organ." Mr. Coperario had been instructor to James I's children, and was an Englishman of the name of Cooper, who had studied in Italy, and transmogrified his name on his return. Dr. Child lived through the civil wars, not only till the Restoration, but to the accession of William and Mary, becoming Eldest Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. He left a great many services in the old traditional style, and with his long life he acted as a sort of bridge between the old music and the new.

For we now stand on the threshold of another change, as great perhaps as that which Elizabeth had initiated and encouraged, in the direction which music was to take in England. With the coming of the Commonwealth, something was lost which never came back. For a time music was banished from the churches, and we read that in 1643 soldiers were quartered at Westminster Abbey who "brake down the organ and pawned the pipes at several ale-houses for pots of ale." At Winchester they made a fire "and in that fire burnt the books of Common Prayer and all the singing books belonging to the Quire." At Chichester "they brake down the organs and dashing the pipes with their pole-axes, scoffingly said, 'Hark how the organs go!'" But not only were the organs and the part books destroyed, the very art of singing contrapuntal music was lost, and Philip King, writing in 1656, speaks of "all Church music, my highest content, is abandoned among us."

At the Restoration the Choir of the Chapel Royal was reconstituted and the Cathedral services were started again. The first organ to be rebuilt was that of the King's Chapel at Whitehall. But of the large musical establishment of Charles I only five Gentlemen came forward to claim their places. One of these, Henry Lawes, was to set *Zadok* for the Coronation the following year. Matthew Locke, who wrote the music "for sagbutts and cornets" for the King's Royal Progress from the Tower to Westminster the day before the Coronation, which earned him the title of Composer to the King, writing in 1673 notes that "for above a year after the opening of His Majesties Chappel, the orderers of the musick there were necessitated to supply the superior parts of the musick with cornets and men's feigned voices, there being not one lad for all that time capable of singing his part readily."

The Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal appointed was Captain Henry Cooke (he had fought for King Charles in the Civil Wars, and kept the rank). He had been appointed a bass just before the dissolution of the Chapel Royal, and now proved himself, not only "the best musician of his time to sing to the lute," but a most able choirmaster. Under his direction the children were encouraged to compose, and in four or five years' time some of "the forwardest and brightest children of the Chapel, as Pelham Humphrey, John Blow, etc., began to be masters of a faculty in composing." So writes Dr. Tudway, himself a Chapel Royal boy of no mean note. He tells us also that "His Majesty, who was a brisk and airy prince, coming to the Crown in the flower and vigour of his age, was soon, if I may so say, tired with the grave and solemn way which had been established by Tallis, Bird and others, ordered the composers of his Chapel to add symphonies, etc., with instruments to their anthems, and there upon established a select number of his private music to play the symphony and ritornellos which he had appointed." In this way was the genius of Henry Purcell, who became a chorister at the Chapel Royal in the first decade of Charles' reign, nurtured and formed on different lines from that of the Tudor composers.

Many things had to be done before Charles II could be crowned. The Regalia had all been seized and melted down by the organ-breakers and music-burners. Not only the Imperial Crown of massy gold, but every part of the Regalia, including the ancient crown said to be King Alfred's "of gould wyerworke, sett with slight stones, and 2 little bells," had been destroyed. The Regalia realised little more than £2,000, but it cost Charles more than £31,000 to replace it, and it took a year to make. There is at this time another entry in the Lord Chamberlain's records which is touching in its simplicity: "£2. 16. 0. for torches and lights for practising the musick against his majesty's coronation." What a picture this calls up of the newly-enrolled choristers, the lutenist-choirmaster training them as fast as he could, the midnight oil burning merrily, the viols, cornets and sacbuts helping out the voices! All the special music, with the exception of *Zadok*, was composed for the Coronation by Captain Cooke, and Evelyn notes in his diary that at the crowning "anthems and rare musiq with lutes, viols, trumpets, organs and voices were then heard."

For the next Coronation, that of James II in 1685, we have a very full contemporary account. The music was almost entirely of the new sort. The veteran Dr. Child it is true provided the music for the Procession to the Abbey from Westminster Hall and the *Te Deum*, and Lawes' *Zadok* was sung again; but William Turner, one of Captain Cooke's clever boys, now a Gentleman of the Chapel, wrote the music for *Come Holy Ghost* and *The King shall rejoice*, while John Blow, another of Captain Cooke's apt pupils, now Master of the Children and organist at the Abbey, wrote three new anthems for the Coronation, *Let thy hand be strengthened*, *Behold, O Lord our Defender*, and *God spake sometimes in visions*. This Coronation is chiefly memorable for two wonderful anthems which Henry Purcell composed for it. He was now 27 years of age, and had held the appointment of organist at the Abbey since he was 22. From the age of 11 Purcell had produced anthems with string accompaniments, and the so-called Verse Anthem, in which solo, choir, organ and strings are blended, is one of Purcell's chief contributions to music. The anthem *I was glad*, which was first heard as James II and Mary of Modena came into the Chancel of the Abbey for their Coronation, opens with a symphony for strings and thereafter is divided in the most subtle and beautiful way between the soloists, the instrumentalists and the choir. This writing has a delicacy of treatment and feeling for the words which was to be lost when the more formal music of the eighteenth century came in. Here are no meaningless repetitions, but a direct setting of the words, readily audible in the Abbey, the only reiteration in the whole anthem being that of the full choir singing unaccompanied and softly at the close *Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces*, a most beautiful effect. The mood of the anthem belongs to the best devotional music of our own day and is in another world from that of the intervening centuries.

My heart is inditing of a good matter for the Queen's Coronation is a longer anthem, set for choir, strings and organ. The choruses are for six or eight voices, the "verses" being accompanied by the organ. It ends with a fugal chorus for eight voices to the strange, archaic lines from Isaiah, "For Kings shall be thy Nursing Fathers and their Queens thy Nursing Mothers." This verse must have fascinated Purcell, for we find him using it again in the anthem *Praise the Lord*,

O Jerusalem, scored for five voices, strings and organ, which was sung at the Coronation of William and Mary. Purcell was to die young, but *I was glad* was sung for the next hundred years as each new Sovereign entered the Abbey. The second anthem for the Queen Consort was not suitable for William and Mary's nor for Anne's Coronations, while George I was crowned alone, and for George II's Coronation Handel wrote a new setting. So does Purcell, the greatest of our English composers, pass from the scene, for he died in 1695.

For William and Mary's Coronation Blow wrote a new anthem, *The Lord God is a sun and a shield*, which was also sung at the next two Coronations. *Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem*, was reset for Anne's Coronation by Blow's pupil Jeremiah Clarke; and William Turner, who had the distinction of serving seven Sovereigns as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, wrote a new setting of *The Queen shall rejoice*, which was sung after her Recognition.

We now reach the spacious regality of the Four Georges and the advent of Handel; but although Handel was in the service of George I, he was not called on to compose any music for the Coronation, for the King took little interest in it as he knew no English, and had, indeed, to be prompted in Latin at the ceremony. Croft, who had served under Blow and succeeded him as Master of the Children and organist at Westminster in 1708, wrote two anthems for it, *O Lord grant the King a long life* for the Procession, and *The Lord God is a sun and a shield*. Croft will always be remembered for his splendid tune, *St. Annes*, now happily wedded to the hymn *O God our help*, and for his setting of the Burial Sentences. It is interesting to note in passing that he also drew his salary as a lutenist. He died just before George II came to the throne, and so it came about that Handel was given a free hand to compose the Coronation music.

He had but a month in which to do it, yet his four great anthems, *Let thy hand be strengthened*, *Zadok the Priest*, *The King shall rejoice*, and *My heart is inditing*, great in length as well as in conception, were ready for that autumn day in 1727 when George II and Queen Caroline were crowned with the utmost pomp and splendour. It is interesting to compare Blow's setting of *Let thy hand be strengthened* with Handel's. The first is a straightforward four-part anthem in the major key, following the rhythm of the words. But Handel,

beginning with a symphony for strings, and a brilliant opening chorus, follows this by a *Larghetto* in the minor key, which at the words "Let mercy and truth go before thy face" strikes a deeper, more majestic note, which he was to sound again in the *Messiah*. *Zadok the Priest* has a restrained, almost mystical fervour about it, the arpeggios of the strings forming a background to the opening note of the choir, which gives a veiled effect, very beautiful to hear. Handel's music typifies in a noble way the spaciousness of the Georgian age, but the intimacy of the seventeenth-century music is gone.

The anthems were performed by Handel's own choir of nearly fifty singers and were heard again at the Coronation of George III in 1761, Purcell, Blow and Turner still figuring in the Coronation music list, while Boyce's *Te Deum* was added. But at the next Coronation the names of the older composers disappear, for George IV was a patron of music (had he not sent young Attwood abroad to study with Mozart?) and the music chosen reflects his personal taste. Handel's music for *Zadok* was used, but Attwood was commissioned to write a new anthem to the words *I was glad*, and Knyvett, the organist at Westminster, to *The King shall rejoice*. Boyce's *Te Deum* was sung, and wind parts were added for the occasion to Kent's *Blessed be thou*, an anthem which the King admired. In addition to this, the Sovereign suggested at the Dress Rehearsal that the *Hallelujah Chorus* should be sung at the beginning of the service. He also arranged for the singing of *Already see the Monarch of the Lord advances* (to music from *Saul*), to be sung at his entry, and *God save great George our King* at his departure.

A study of contemporary engravings reveals the fact that the special organ was at the east end of the choir, above and beyond the High Altar, while the Peeresses were arranged in rows above the Altar, the singers sitting to right and left of them. The religious significance of the ceremony had been so much overlaid that it had become merely an opportunity for pageantry and display. The banquet which followed proved so costly that the next King, William IV, entertained serious thoughts of doing away with the Coronation altogether. He was dissuaded from this extreme course and merely did away with the procession and the banquet. In so doing he brought to an end the picturesque ceremony of the King's Champion, who used to ride into Westminster Hall

in full armour during the banquet and challenge any man to combat. This time it was the Members of Parliament who sat in tiers over the Altar, while the trumpets were put in a gallery behind them. Two of Handel's anthems and the *Hallelujah Chorus* were sung, while Attwood's *I was glad* and *O Lord grant the King a long life* were heard. It was a Coronation distinguished by nothing but its economy, and was spoken of satirically at the time as the "Half-crownation."

Queen Victoria's Coronation had a different atmosphere, though the choice of music was much the same. A choir and orchestra of 400 persons were placed in a gallery behind the organ, which was over the choir screen. Sir George Smart was organist, and two of Handel's anthems, amongst others, and the *Hallelujah Chorus* were performed.

For the last two Coronations Sir Frederick Bridge was in charge, and planned to make the music representative of all that was best in English music. Tallis, Merbecke, Purcell and Handel represented the past, Parry, Elgar, Stanford, Parratt, Bridge and Alcock the present. Parry's fine anthem *I was glad* and Elgar's Coronation Offertorium *O Hearken thou* showed that the new music was not unworthy of comparison with the old. It is to be hoped that some of the music of Vaughan Williams and Holst, imbued as it is with the religious spirit of the great Tudor composers, will be heard at the next Coronation ceremony.

JANET LEEPER.

SCOTLAND'S INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

IN London 6 per cent. of the insured working population are unemployed. In England as a whole the percentage is 11 per cent. In Scotland the percentage is between 19 and 20 per cent., and Glasgow and Dundee each has an unemployment rate at the present time of 23 per cent. Scotland is a depressed area. Glasgow's poor relief burden is the heaviest in Great Britain. One in every seven of the population of our second city is in receipt of public assistance, and the total is equal to a quarter of the total for all England and Wales. Glasgow's expenditure on relief services in 1936 was greater than the corresponding expenditure of London, Manchester and Birmingham combined.

A general knowledge of Scotland's industrial structure and balance is needed to understand her problem. She is primarily an exporting nation—more so than England; and she is mainly dependent on a few great industries engaged in heavy manufacture and primary production. Iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding; coal-mining, agriculture and fishing; these are the industries which are vital to Scotland's economic well-being. All except agriculture are exporting industries. If Scotland is to recover and become prosperous again, these six industries must revive and flourish or new industries must grow up and take their place. If reliance is placed on the growth and development of new industries, the recovery process will be long drawn out.

New, light industries should, of course, be developed; and Scotland has awakened to her failure to nurture such industries in the past. The Scottish Development Council are performing a great service in promoting enterprise in this direction. A permanent Economic Committee was appointed last April under Sir James Lithgow's chairmanship, and the possibilities of new industries are being closely examined, along with the potentialities of tourist traffic services, which must figure in any plan for the economic regeneration of Scotland and the Highlands. We have had too many eggs in one basket in the past. We must produce a much wider range of commodities which our own people want and can afford to buy. To this end we must improve our scientific research and technical training.

There are difficulties of finance. It has become the habit—

and a bad habit—during recent years to look to the State for help. Dr. J. A. Bowie, Principal of the Dundee School of Economics, and one of the brave pioneers of a new Scotland, has attacked state interference in industrial matters. "They [the State officials] throw on management's back," he said a short time ago, "a host of difficult problems." Developing his theme in an address at the annual meeting of the Scottish Business Clubs, he said :

Scotland needs a plan to protect herself against the improvisations of the central government. The State has for many years interfered with the free play of economic forces. . . . Inevitably the Government favours one area as against another, one industry or group of industries as against others. . . . Recent State enactments affecting industry have been determined by emergencies, by the political pressure of sectional interests. Many of them have been gravely injurious to Scottish interests.

This State intervention has encouraged industrialists to look to the Government for aid. Mr. Wallace Cowan, President of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, has warned the interests that there is no easy state-way to prosperity. At the annual meeting of the Chamber in April 1936, he declared that if the creation of new industries was to follow the lines of the sugar-beet plan or the milk-marketing scheme the Scottish Development Council would be wise to leave new industries to individual or collective enterprise. "New industries," he said, "should be begun and financed by those who believe in them."

The movement to develop new industries in Scotland is in its infancy. It will not extend far unless Scottish industrialists are loyal to their heritage of virile independence. If the tendency to rely upon the State proves a passing one, new industries will spring up and flourish ; and some of them may, in time, come to rank with the still great industries on which Scotland's welfare has so long rested. But it is to be doubted whether they can grow quickly enough to lift Scotland out of depression before 1950 if the heavy manufacturing and primary-producing industries remain depressed.

Most of Scotland's chief industries require a high level of capital expenditure. This vital condition has been lacking in recent years, although credit has been less expensive and less inaccessible than it was before 1932. The Scottish Bank chairmen have had occasion to deplore the lack of demand for

loans—"due," as Mr. Henry Allan of the Clydesdale Bank pointed out at the 1936 annual meeting, "to want of confidence in the future." The failure of Scottish industrialists to take full advantage of the cheap credit facilities is explained mainly by their dependence on export trade, partly by the continued depression of internal purchasing power for high-quality products, and partly, no doubt, to change in habits. A revival in export trade would bring about the desired revival in capital expenditure, and the lesser difficulties would tend to dissolve. Meanwhile, the industrialist will not borrow extensively on the strength of a patchy recovery in home trade which cannot fill the gap caused by the loss of overseas trade and which, he shrewdly suspects, will not be lasting.

The building boom, assisted by cheap money, undoubtedly relieved certain sections of Scottish industry; and when the building boom showed signs of deflation the rearmament programme served to maintain the partial buoyancy. But, as every authority on the Scottish problem recognises, this kind of activity will not bring real and lasting prosperity to Scottish industry. Speaking in Edinburgh on April 6th, 1936, the late Sir Godfrey Collins described the position as "disturbing." Seven months later his successor at the Scottish Office, Mr. Walter Elliot, stated that Scotland had not enjoyed her full share of the internal recovery. Emigration has declined from 30,000 a year before 1931 to almost nothing. Scottish agriculture has been paying men off. Employment in the fishing industry continues to decline. Scotland's national revenue has fallen by 30 per cent. in fifteen years. Yet the Scottish industrialists and workers, traditionally expert in heavy manufacture, enjoy a good and cheap coal supply (only now becoming dearer) and an efficient electrical service. These heavy and primary-producing industries must revive if Scotland is to recover her place among the leading industrial nations.

Government policy helps Scotland as it helps these industries. It hinders and may prevent Scottish recovery as it hinders these industries. In one direction some help has been given. The export credits system has been a boon to the traders who have taken advantage of its facilities. The Glasgow branch of the Export Credits Guarantee Department, for example, which directly assists exporters by insuring them on easy terms against loss, has stimulated business

valued at over £3 millions since it began its operations in 1935. This scheme, of course, enjoys the backing of the Exchequer. But while the Government has in this way helped Scottish exporters to surmount their difficulties, it cannot be said that other state policies have done anything but increase the difficulties ; and no amount of state-backed credit on the easiest possible terms can bring about the revival of Scotland's export trade to the level of the prosperous days. Nothing—as leading chambers of commerce, bankers, economists and other authorities have repeatedly told the public—can restore Scotland's export markets but a revival of international trade. In spite of the trade agreements, it is hardly open to question that the policy of Protection has hindered the revival of those overseas markets on which Scottish exporters formerly depended. "Restrictions by one nation," Mr. Henry Allan reminded the shareholders of the Clydesdale Bank, "are apt to lead to reprisals, which take the form of more restrictions."

Scotland's coal industry, which has served other industries so well, depended in its more prosperous days on selling large quantities of good-quality coal in overseas markets. Many of these markets have dried up, and the industry is seriously distressed. State intervention has not helped. Protection for other industries, in so far as it has restricted imports, has reduced foreign purchasing power for Scottish coal, and, as Sir Robert Horne noticed in the House of Commons on November 16th, 1936, the trade agreements have not helped the Scottish exporters. In 1935 the British coal output increased by over 2 million tons, but the Scottish output declined ; British exports rose by nearly 6 per cent., but Scottish exports declined by 6 per cent. The Government-sponsored scheme to regulate production and sales (in order "to eliminate competition and raise prices," as the Conservative *Glasgow Herald* frankly put it in a leading article) has proved unpopular. The coalmasters have adopted the scheme under thinly veiled pressure. If they had refused, the Government would have done the job for them. One leading member of the industry, Dr. R. T. Moore, chairman of the Niddrie and Benhar Coal Company, spoke out strongly at Edinburgh on May 22nd, 1936 :

"We hate compulsion," he declared. "Political interference has done nothing but harm the coal trade. A horde of Government officials have been created, and to justify their existence they have

brought forward schemes which have harassed everybody and kept those running the industry from attending to their proper business, which is to supply the public with cheap coal."

The company whose destinies Dr. Moore guides has shown that it is possible to supply coal at low prices, without state intervention, by entering into a voluntary distributive association whose object is to eliminate unnecessary costs between the minehead and the consumer. Such voluntary methods are clearly preferable to state-sponsored policies designed to restrict production and raise prices.

Scotland produces one-seventh of the whole British coal output. Its production is economical. It employs only one-ninth of the number of hands employed in the whole British industry. In Durham 25 per cent. more labour is required, and in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire and South Wales even a greater excess of labour is required to produce the same quantity of coal. Yet, under state influence, direct or indirect, by means of export quota arrangements, regulation of production, sales and prices, the more economic Scottish coal industry has suffered in comparison with the English industry.

Scotland's iron and steel industry is a section of the greater British industry. It has adopted all the regulations which apply to the industry in England and Wales. These regulations closely concern us, because the whole cost structure of Scottish industry depends to a great extent on Scottish iron and steel prices. In this respect the industrial community of Scotland is more dependent than any comparable area in England and Wales. The Scottish iron and steel producers, like their English colleagues, have displayed as much zeal in forming price rings as they displayed lack of zeal in putting their own house in order at the behest of the Tariff Committee. Sir Herbert Austin's outspoken warning against using Protection as "an umbrella to keep the wind off a worn and tattered industry" has, it would appear, gone unheeded. As Lord May, chairman of the Tariff Committee, has declared, "the using industries are very largely export industries and can only maintain and develop their trade if they can be assured of getting from the iron and steel industry the requisite material of the right quality at the lowest possible price." These conditions apply with particular force in Scotland. Prices have risen, and if, as appears likely, the tendency continues, the Government's intervention to assure the iron

and steel industry that they would not lose their protection will prove expensive and will raise the whole cost structure of Scottish industry.

The recovery in the Scottish industry has lagged behind that of the English industry. Not only are the Scottish producers more dependent on overseas markets, but they are more dependent on foreign supplies of scrap steel. The price of heavy scrap steel has risen steeply since 1931, and users estimate that the rise represents an increase of nearly £2 a ton on finished steel products—a serious handicap to the exporters at a time when raw material costs in Germany and the United States were not rising. The shortage of raw and semi-raw materials which was a feature of the market in 1936 bore heavily upon Scottish users. By March they were short of supplies, and in the end it was the United States industry (which is not in the international ring) that came to the rescue of the Scottish users.

The whole British iron and steel policy has changed radically since Protection was introduced, and Scottish policy has been to keep closely in step. It may not be long before the public and the public authorities, from the Government downwards, become seriously apprehensive of the power the protected interests have secured. Every iron and steel firm in Scotland must be a member of one or more of the price rings which have been formed under the wing of the Iron and Steel Federation. If a firm has a varied production, it may be a member of a dozen or more rings. If it refuses to enter the rings, it must be prepared to suffer the penalty of increased charges for essential supplies or a curtailment (with the threat of absolute cessation) of supplies. I have seen documents instructing Scottish firms to curtail or withhold supplies to users who had refused to submit to the control, and documents giving firms authority to renew supplies on the customary terms to users who had been coerced into entering the rings. I know of Scottish producers, formerly fearless opponents of state intervention, who have been silenced by lost orders or dearer supplies.

How long can such a régime last without imposing enormous burdens on other industries? Armament orders have brought activity, employment and increasing profits to the Scottish iron and steel industry. The vital questions of how far this movement can go and how far it is economic have hitherto

received little attention in Scotland. Industrial booms, it would appear, disarm all but the shrewdest students of market trends. The warnings of such close observers as Dr. J. A. Bowie are like voices crying in the wilderness. The policy of expediency prevails, even among our reputedly hard-headed Scottish industrialists, and there appears to be a genuine danger that British and Scottish industrialists are moving slowly towards a fascist régime in industry. The iron and steel industry is not far from this undesirable goal.

Scotland's agriculture, unlike her iron and steel industry, retains its distinct national character and some, at least, of its sturdy national independence. It employs about 170,000 hands—about 9 per cent. of Scotland's working population—and provides annually about £40 millions' worth of foodstuffs and feeding-stuffs. A healthy Scotland depends upon a healthy agriculture. But the industry is seriously depressed after five years of state aid. A flourishing live-stock industry would solve the problems of Scottish agriculture in most of its branches. But live-stock farming remains depressed. "Subsidies," declared the *North British Agriculturist* on May 14th, 1936, "have put more money into circulation, but those who are benefiting most from them are English farmers. . . . It is a pity that the agricultural industry is not in a position to scorn a subsidy of any kind."

The policy of "quantitative regulation of supplies," with all its boards and schemes, has proved definitely unpopular in Scotland. It has cost the community £5·7 per acre of farming land, but the bulk of the Scottish farmers are no better off, and they have found the controls to which they have had to submit irksome. Scottish live-stock farmers, it is true, have got one-quarter of the amounts doled out under the subsidy scheme, but they discovered that the method of paying the subsidy according to weight favoured the heavy cattle of inferior quality, with the anomalous result that the owner of a rough beast might receive 70s. while the owner of a better-quality animal got only 45s. This practice operated to the disadvantage of the high-quality Scottish production. The Scottish producers, however, have contrived to place their faith in state protection. They have called for price-fixing, a subsidy sufficient to fill the gap between the price the consumer will pay and the high standard price suggested, and increased restrictions on imports.

The efforts to secure better prices for the Scottish pig producer have been laboured and unsuccessful, although they have raised the price and lowered the quality of the bacon supply to the consumer. The contracts between the pig producers and the bacon curers have broken down, and hopes that the latest scheme will succeed where the others have failed do not run high either in the industry or in the trade. In April 1934 the Scottish Provision Trades Association announced that the bacon scheme was inflicting "widespread hardship and injustice on many sections of the community, and most severely and harshly on the great mass of industrial workers." At the annual meeting of the same Association in January 1936 the new methods of control were no less firmly criticised by the President, Mr. George Hollingshead :

"Trading conditions," he declared, "are to-day subjected to confusion and interference such as we have never before experienced. We have yet to learn that the various marketing schemes have provided employment or other benefits to offset the harm done to trader and consumer alike. . . . Neither the producer nor the consumer derives any benefit in proportion to the vast sums spent in administration. Many who have been in the trade for a lifetime are being steadily forced to the point where business is so restricted as to be almost negligible. . . . Manufactured scarcity of the necessities of life bears harshly on the consumer. The consumption of bacon and ham is declining. How can the conditions be improved? Not by the introduction of a further levy-subsidy scheme plus quotas, which would further restrict demand."

The pigs and bacon control has pleased no section of the industry or trade. There has been no effort to improve the relations between the producers, the curers and the traders. Their relations have, in fact, deteriorated. The producers and the curers, and their respective Boards, have publicly blamed each other for the failures. A well-known Edinburgh trader summed up the situation at the annual conference of the Scottish Grocers' Federation at Peebles last June when he declared that the Boards had tackled the problem from the wrong end. The Government's efforts to assist the Scottish milk, potato and poultry producers have all proved disappointing up to date; and the efforts to assist the very depressed herring industry have been ill-adapted to Scottish conditions and, as a result, ineffective.

Apart from the iron and steel industry, whose present

buoyancy is due to the rearmament programme, Scotland's chief industries, then, remain in depression, and the overseas markets on which they formerly depended, and to which they still look for orders, show no signs of recovering. The Government's policies hold out no hope of producing the conditions which are essential to Scotland's industrial and commercial well-being. They have restricted the freedom of internal trade and transgressed the fundamental laws of supply and demand, seeking to improve the producer's lot by creating conditions of artificial scarcity which will bring higher prices. Their schemes have failed, because the consuming power of a community largely dependent on export trade is depressed and incapable of expanding sufficiently to meet rising prices.

Yet something could be done to improve the producer's lot and tide him over the period—let us hope a temporary period—of depressed export trade. Something could be done to help him without subsidising him out of the taxpayer's pocket and without increasing the cost of living to the consumer. It would be something totally different from the policy of regulation and restriction which has operated with increasing intensity since 1931. It would be a policy of economic marketing based, not on restriction of production and sales, but on voluntary co-operation, through approved representative trade associations, designed to eliminate excessive costs between the producer and the consumer.

The price of fish landed and sold at Scottish harbours often increases 700 and 800 per cent. by the time it reaches the consumer. Other primary and industrial products experience the same price inflation. There is either excessive profit-taking or inefficient distribution, or both. Scotland's industrial problem would not be solved by economic marketing reform ; but the burden on her producers and consumers would be eased, and Scotland would be better equipped to recapture her lost markets when international trade revives.

RANALD M. FINDLAY.

THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

A NEW biography of the Emperor Joseph II has just been published.* In a time like this when tyranny, brutality and contempt of humanity seem to reign we do well to think of the Austrian *Volkskaiser* (democratic emperor) who was a despot too, but a benevolent one. Nobody but a good Austrian could have written this book on "the good Emperor Joseph," a subject which may be vital for the future of Germany and Austria, and even of Europe. It is a delicate book, full of tones and shades. In the preface the author says: "Beethoven's Sonata, the *Appassionata*, is the true accompaniment for the Emperor Joseph's work and its decay." The conception is a fine one.

The historian will first express his gratitude for a large amount of new material which the author has unearthed from the archives of Vienna and Paris. We hear the real voice of the Emperor, impetuous and indefatigable, always engaged in reminding and exhorting. Joseph is for reorganising the army, for alleviating the unhappy lot of the soldiers. Always in uniform, he is no strategist, even no general; but he needs soldiers for his daring plans, and it is his will that they should live as human beings. He determines that their standard of existence shall be raised and care be taken of their wives and children. He was the first royal traveller in modern times. Very often incognito, he rushed through his provinces despite fatigue and bad roads, made sudden inspections, and did his utmost to abolish abuses. It is pathetic to read his manuscript notes, full of impressions, complaints and orders. They contain sharp observations and sound reports occasionally spoiled by exaggeration and hastiness of language. He lived on impressions and always needed new impressions. He was driven by earnest impatience and probably by a presentiment that the time given to him by destiny was short. He was both a genius and an amateur, always obscuring his own light with his shadow. As a son of the transition period he felt in his own heart the struggle between absolutism and revolution.

The Emperor's unstatesmanlike qualities, his vacillation between harshness and kindness, make it difficult for the historian to be quite fair to him; but the author of this book

* *Kaiser Joseph II.* By Ernst Benedikt. Wien, 1936. Gerold & Co.

has succeeded. There is no flattery, no palliation ; certainly such an approach would not correspond to the Emperor's own sincerity. The weakest part of his government is criticised with all possible frankness. His foreign policy is a series of ventures with inadequate means, lacking clear ends and solid foundations. He defied and irritated his enemies without defeating them, old friendships were lost for little profit, anger and distrust rose up round about him. Yet two of his ideas were sound and should be appreciated even more warmly than they are by the author. The first was the winning of Bavaria for Austria as a compensation for lost Silesia, in order to build up a compact position in South Germany on the basis of the united Bavarian tribe. His various steps in that direction were spoiled by wrong tactics, but the idea remained as an important historical vision. Much later it became clear how disastrous for Germany was the growth of the Bavarian middle state, the interests of which thrived by every conflict between Austria and Prussia. Joseph, strong champion of Germanism, would have liked to transform his whole monarchy into a German province. Yet it was this ruler who was to fail in strengthening the South German position of the imperial state. His second important idea was diplomatic and military co-operation with Russia. Prince Eugene's old legacy, a creative policy in the Balkans, could be achieved only by an agreement with the aggressive aims of the greatest Slav power.

Joseph's lively intuition caused him to inaugurate the meetings of princes as an instrument of political work. His sense of the dramatic and of improvisation was fascinated by the prospect of personal interviews with Frederick the Great. He respected highly the wicked old enemy of his mother, that curious man of destiny who ruined Austria's European and German hegemony. A strange feeling, this inquisitive veneration of a youth who wanted to take his revenge by amicable conquest. From such a courtship what could be expected save disillusion ? What result could it have other than the young Emperor's humiliation, the collapse of his warm-hearted extravagant impulsiveness before the icy irony of the great king ? Maria Theresa had often warned her son, unfortunately in vain. Her frankness, her simplicity, her natural instinct were to experience anxious times with such an impetuous co-regent.

All these political episodes have died with the Emperor. Yet there is something essentially permanent, even prophetic, in his humanistic conception of the royal power. An offspring of absolutist princes, and himself an absolutist, he nevertheless became the first democratic ruler in modern history, for the reason that he was capable of loving his people, really and sincerely loving them, with all his generous heart. He knew the highest and the lowest of his subjects in country or town, he helped the poor, he was concerned for adequate care of the sick and the insane, he abolished certain social evils, he comforted the humble and gave satisfaction to those who had suffered offence. The powerful, the ruthless, the frivolous, he kept in subjection, and visited with his anger all lazy or selfish officials. Indolence, slackness, weakness and surrender to compromise, of old so typical of Austrian political life, he sternly suppressed. In spite of all mistakes and insufficiencies the Emperor Joseph was in his way thorough. He was never satisfied with cheap and easy resolutions. He did more work than his health would stand and may be said simply to have been consumed by it. After the death of his first wife, whom he loved very dearly, his personal life became more and more unhappy and lonely. He permitted himself very little leisure: some music by Mozart perhaps, a chat with some aristocratic ladies, a few moments of hasty pleasure at the theatre or elsewhere. Work became ever more absorbing. It towered over him, he felt his deficiency, he was harassed by the anxiety to get to a dead stop before he had well begun. His work was so exhausting simply because he made so many fresh starts. First steps were always easy and promised great things, but he was afraid of the concluding stages which always seemed so much more difficult. Frederick the Great's famous epigram on the Emperor Joseph's custom of "doing the second step before the first" is therefore not correct. Joseph's mood and humour were changeable, but not his will. This was undoubtedly a symptom of his fatal illness, tuberculosis. Joseph was a friend of humankind, but he did not know men. Still the richness and strength of his love were such that his feeling was hardly ever converted into bitterness though here and there he bursts out with occasional extravagant, perverse and sometimes cruel judgments.

Amid so much that is noble and fine one unselfish action

stands out even to this day. His contemporaries found it quite incredible. Joseph's father, the Emperor Francis I, was neither a general nor a diplomat, but the ideal type of a tactful Prince Consort, who used the privileges of his distinguished position for engaging in very profitable business affairs. The son found himself heir to a private fortune of 20 million florins, the result of the old emperor's activities. The inheritance disgusted Joseph, who, by one stroke of the pen, gave this money to the treasury. He never desired personal advantage and knew no private interests, considering himself only a part of the state in which he believed, and to which he gave his whole being.

The Emperor Joseph was a practising Roman Catholic. All the wisdom of contemporary thinking occupied his interest but did not fulfil his personal need for a creed and philosophy of life. Thus his famous *Toleranzpatent* was in no way intended as an attack upon the Christian faith as it is represented in the Roman doctrine. On the contrary, it was meant as a manifestation of real Christian spirit towards the egotism, narrow-mindedness and mismanagement shown by certain ecclesiastical institutions. In the period of Maria Theresa it was possible for Protestants to be condemned to hard labour for their beliefs alone. The toleration edict as well as the abolition of serfdom are entirely the personal achievement of the Emperor, the result of his personal will and knowledge, realised in spite of stupidity and selfishness. Both actions are complementary and lay the foundations for the building of modern Austria. They make an immediate and permanent appeal to the human being hidden in the subject. Freedom was thus given a dynamic and creative consciousness, the revolution was anticipated and its principles were inserted into an unbroken commonwealth. Joseph, the democratic Emperor, remains the princely liberator of souls and bodies in Austria. Therefore, even to our own day, "Josephinismus" still exists in Austria. The Emperor's monument is erected at the spot where the Hofburg and the town of the old burghers have grown together. When Archduke Francis in 1848 had to choose an imperial name, he wisely agreed to adopt that of the democratic Emperor and thereafter styled himself Franz Josef. In the teeth of the reaction during the Metternich period a certain "Josephinism" has never disappeared in the imperial state as well as in Southern Germany. There have always been in Austria governors and *Sektionschefs*

(heads of departments), writers, clergymen, financial leaders, and aristocrats who were able to soften the severity of administration and authority by human feeling. Thus "Josephinism" does not mean only a tuning of Roman Catholic doctrine to the needs of government. It also means something different, some sense of general pleasure in generosity and kindness for its own sake, a mild readiness to be helpful which is as pleased to satisfy some small requests as it is incapable of solving all great questions.

VEIT VALENTIN.

THE AFRICAN PRISONER.

PRISON reform is a subject which has attracted considerable attention of late years in most countries and especially in Britain. Commissions have sat, treatises have been written, and societies formed, to improve the lot of the criminal, and considerable progress has undeniably been made. Not only is the actual treatment of the prisoner more humane and more rational ; the whole attitude towards crime is altering.

If, however, we turn to Africa, matters will be found to be deplorably behindhand. The actual jail accommodation will prove to be primitive and unsuitable in the great majority of cases ; the treatment of the prisoners can make little claim to be methodical or scientific ; and the whole system will be seen as little better than a primitive effort at punishment which largely fails even as a deterrent. That the problem is a considerable one the figures for committal to prison for 1934 will show. The total for the African Crown Colonies and Territories will be found to be some 90,000—admittedly small when compared with England's half-million, but nevertheless serious.

The size of the countries and the sparsity of population serve to introduce difficulties, which are increased by the lack of transport ; hence any great measure of centralisation becomes impossible, and all but long-term prisoners tend to be accommodated within a reasonable distance of the place of trial. In consequence, each government station must have its lock-up, dignified by the description of third-class prison ; from there all other than short-term prisoners are sent to the nearest second-class establishment, while a few first-class prisons receive the most serious cases. Such transfers as these may entail considerable journeys by rail, motor, or even on foot, and when the necessity for sending the escort as well as the prisoner is remembered, the difficulties of the position will be realised. So jails will be found to vary from considerable and substantial stone buildings at headquarters, to the up-country wood and thatch makeshift which would not restrain for an hour any criminal less amenable than the African.

Such being the variety of buildings, let us now consider the inmates. Firstly, some review of former conditions is necessary. It must be remembered that primitive African society

had virtually no criminal law. In the great majority of cases the object was reparation rather than punishment, and as long as compensation was made for the damage done the offender was allowed to go free. Murder, for instance, was the removal of a useful member of a family, requiring payment in satisfaction, either by the killer or by his relations; with the corollary that a stranger without relatives to raise a claim could be slain with impunity. Theft was also an injury to a social group, and the loss had to be made good; but if it were carried out at the expense of some hostile or alien community, it became a useful contribution to tribal wealth and thus a meritorious act. Only in cases of anti-social practices such as dangerous witchcraft was capital punishment inflicted.

The underlying principle is therefore seen as the rule of civil, rather than criminal, law, with the welfare of the social group rather than the punishment or reformation of the offender as its object. The latter element was, however, not by any means absent. The traditions of the tribe as expounded by the elders represented the original divine instructions to ancestors, and any infringement of them entailed spiritual dangers far more efficacious and alarming than any physical penalty. Retribution followed without any necessity for detection, and family disasters, hunting accidents, and other calamities, dogged the footsteps of the guilty. Small wonder then that the ancient laws were scrupulously obeyed, and that infractions when they occurred were speedily expiated. In contrast therefore with the European's idea of justice as of universal applicability, there was not so much an abstract moral standard to be respected as a communal fellowship to be maintained.

The African consequently finds the greatest difficulty in understanding the point of view of the white man's law. He in some way infringes its provisions, and is therefore arrested and tried, and subsequently informed that he is guilty. So far he can follow the proceedings fairly well, even if he should disagree about the criminal nature of the act. The next stage, however, is completely unintelligible. He is not called upon to make a payment in compensation for the injury done, but he is informed that he will be locked up for a considerable period, and will have to work for the white man's government. Why the latter should benefit by his services is naturally incomprehensible, the more so since the party whom he is supposed

to have injured receives nothing. He and his friends remain completely bewildered by the European's logic. Still worse is the case if a murder is involved, with a capital sentence to follow. Here a valuable member of society has been destroyed ; instead, however, of doing what may be possible to repair the injury, the white man insists that a second valuable life must be sacrificed, thereby inflicting still further loss!

Such an attitude is perhaps almost inevitable ; it is also most unfortunate, since it precludes any genuine respect for the law. Modern legislation is admittedly based on the support of the community ; if not honoured by the bulk of the people, it is unlikely to succeed solely owing to the efforts of the police. The African, however, is having his laws thrust upon him by aliens whose mental processes he entirely fails to understand. The situation is made far worse owing to the confusion which must arise between real and technical crimes. We can all appreciate that cycling on the footpath is less blameworthy than robbing a blind man, and we deny to veterinary or agricultural regulations the respect that we feel for the criminal law. To the African they are all in the same category. He has somehow offended the white man's code ; he must go to jail, since even if given the alternative of a fine he probably cannot or will not pay it.

His reaction is perhaps somewhat as follows. He abandons any effort to understand the ethical or logical basis for laws, and he contents himself with learning the rules of the game. In this he is greatly helped by his early experience with wild animals. With them any sort of alliance or conciliation was out of the question ; but it was possible to observe their habits and learn their most dangerous tricks. Similarly the European's code of requirements can be studied with a view to avoiding clashes as far as possible. Here the best friend is obviously the most accomplished student ; in other words, the successful criminal is the most valuable adviser. No doubt it is possible to instil into the African an appreciation of moral values, and once this has been done he will learn to respect the law rather than merely comply with its demands. At first, however, he cannot be expected to change his outlook abruptly, and in the meantime he is dangerously liable to be led astray.

A further difficulty lies in the treatment to be accorded in jail. The European prisoner is nowadays studied with care ;

his sentence is in the first place adapted to his particular case, and while undergoing it he comes under various influences calculated to have a wholesome effect. Much is done to lighten the lot of the well-behaved, and painstaking visitors devote time and care to helping the responsive. Furthermore, there is the prison library, to which so many criminal biographies pay tribute. Letters and interviews keep the prisoner in touch with his home and relatives, and various organisations exist to help him on his discharge. For the African hardly any of these resources exist. Welfare workers are scarce, if only on account of the language difficulty, and friends are probably too distant or too timid to venture on visits. Illiteracy usually debars him from books and the interchange of letters, so he has no distraction of an intellectual sort, and no means of keeping in touch with his family and village. As a rule also the prison with its scanty staff scarcely admits of any teaching of trades, or education; probably some unskilled manual labour is the occupation of the bulk of the inmates.

Only when leaving prison does the African have an advantage over the white man. The European may well find that he has yet to face the worst part of his punishment, and the slur of a criminal past will handicap the best efforts at reform. For the black man such troubles scarcely exist. His friends regard him with real sympathy, as one who has had the misfortune to collide with the white man's law; his spell in jail is comparable with a disaster such as a prolonged period in hospital. So there is very little difficulty in his resumption of normal life in his home.

The majority of prisons in the African Crown Colonies now attain a very fair standard of treatment. Warders are kindly and indulgent; clothing is suitable and the almost invariable increase in weight on discharge testifies to the adequacy of the rations. Work is light and its circumstances admit of ample conversation and exchange of experience, usually unedifying. Buildings are primitive, but probably an improvement on the native hut. Only in the deprivation of female society and the periodical dance and beer-drink does the inmate suffer much, and then mainly when the sentence is of some length. Such an experience can have but little useful result, either deterrent or reformatory. The discharged prisoner is unlikely to have learnt much which will be of

value to him, and he is almost sure to have formed some demoralising acquaintances. In other words, he has probably been definitely helped along the road to a criminal career. The degree to which this is the case is indicated by the steady increase in recidivism which will be observed in the annual reports. In 1934 this reached 12 per cent. in Tanganyika, 15 per cent. in Nigeria and 24 per cent. in Kenya ; somewhat similar figures appear in other countries. Not only is this a serious threat to the good order of the communities ; it is also a heavy expense.

Coming now to lines of advance which offer some improvement, it must be admitted that the difficulties are considerable. Nevertheless, certain reforms do seem promising and could at least be tried. From what has been said above, the extreme undesirability of the short sentence will be obvious ; particularly does this apply to the case of the juvenile or the first offender. There would seem to be a possibility of making better use of the native authorities in such instances ; the old tradition of tribal responsibility might well be utilised for supervision of the delinquent, even though the African is very ready to profess himself quite unable to control an unruly boy or other culprit. Reformatories for juveniles are another conspicuous want, and unfortunately they are but few in the African colonies ; some countries indeed have not yet established even one, and in the remainder it will usually be found that one central establishment has to serve the whole of an enormous area.

A matter of conspicuous importance is the separation of real from technical offenders. The use of detention camps and similar devices as an alternative to prison will serve not only to save the minor misdemeanant from prison contamination, but it will help to emphasise the distinction between the classes of offence. Consultation with native authorities as to the desirability and purpose of proposed fresh legislation would encourage these to interest themselves in upholding and respecting the laws when introduced, thereby adopting an attitude which might in time influence the rest of the native community.

Improved transport should render the transfer of prisoners easier, and this would facilitate the virtual abolition of the small prison, leaving minor stations with only a lock-up. The staff might then be given an improved status and pay, while

expenditure could be better directed towards the establishment of industries and training on up-to-date lines. The pernicious laxity of the present easy-going system might be tempered by the introduction of modern conditions. Stricter rules would limit evil communication—a reform salutary in practice and deterrent in effect.

The invaluable services of the Court Missionary in England suggest that it might be possible to find some equivalent in Africa, even if only at important centres. Similarly, the few prison visitors at present to be found might be augmented; a real act of charity would be performed by any influential Africans who undertook such work. The claim will no doubt be made that many of the foregoing reforms would be generally introduced, were it not for the need for economy. This may be so, but it suggests a short-sighted attitude. The criminal is a very expensive as well as a most inconvenient member of society, and parsimony at this stage is likely to entail a great and increasing burden in future.

G. B. ORDE BROWNE.

EDWARD GIBBON: THE MASTER BUILDER.

EDWARD GIBBON was born just two hundred years ago : since then the story of his life has often been told, though never so well as by himself ; his style has been dissected, but seldom rivalled in majesty or precision ; his scepticism has been condemned and condoned, so that the prejudice of Mrs. Montagu, who had the first volume of the *Decline and Fall* bound up omitting the two famous chapters on the rise of Christianity, is rivalled only by the pride of the Rationalist Press, which publishes the two chapters, omitting the rest of the history. Much—perhaps too much—has been written about Gibbon. Yet curiously enough there has hardly been adequate treatment of Gibbon as an historian ; of his technique of production, his methods of writing history. Perhaps this is partly because his lesser known writings, where evidence of this technique is to be found, have been completely overshadowed by his *Autobiography* on the one hand and by the *Decline and Fall* on the other. Yet surely the craftsmanship of so great and original an historian is of both general interest and first-rate importance ; surely Gibbon is a writer of history before he is a philosopher, and even before he is a stylist. It is on this simple assumption that this article is based. Let us look at the historian at work in his study, rather than at the wayward son indulging in calf-love at Lausanne, or at the “ infidel,” alleged to be concentrating all his energy upon discrediting the Christian religion. Perhaps that is the most sympathetic way in which his bicentenary can be celebrated.

A distinction must first be drawn between the historian proper and the historiologist ; between the man concerned with telling the story as a story, and the man concerned with philosophising about the story so told, attempting to draw moral maxims from it, or to pass judgments upon it. History is a branch of literature, historiology a branch of philosophy. It has been well said, that :

The ideal historian would first collect and sift all the evidence until he had reached an assured basis of facts ; holding all these facts in his mind at once he would then be able to relate them to each other in such a way as to see the relationship between them and so to arrive at their inner meaning ; finally, he would set down

that interpretation in such a way as to convey it most clearly to his readers, selecting for that purpose such facts as were most significant and most representative of the whole.

It is only necessary for the historian, as historian, to relate the story ; it is not necessary for him to relate it to anything else. The real greatness of Gibbon lies in his systematic adoption of this method.

The mere acquiring of the material was no inconsiderable task at a time when there were no adequate research libraries in this country, and few public libraries anywhere. In 1779, we find Gibbon lamenting that :

The greatest city in the world is destitute of that useful institution, a public library ; and the writer who has undertaken to treat any large historical subject is reduced to the necessity of purchasing, for his private use, a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work. The diligence of his booksellers will not always prove successful ; and the candour of his readers will not always expect that, for the sake of verifying an accidental quotation of ten lines, he should load himself with an useless and expensive series of ten volumes.

But abroad, as he points out, " the public libraries of Lausanne and Geneva liberally supplied me with books " ; and this borrowing may even have had its technical advantages, for in October 1763 he notes in his journal,

before returning Nardini, which was wanted for the public library at Geneva, I this morning again went over it carefully, endeavouring to impress its principal contents on my memory. Human infirmity always loses a part ; but I see with pleasure that much remains, and will continue to remain, with me.

This must have considerably helped the process of mental saturation. But a large private collection prevented too great a loss due to " human frailty." In the *Vindication* of the " infidel chapters," he is able to boast :

I cannot profess myself very desirous of Mr. Davis's acquaintance ; but if he will take the trouble of calling at my house any afternoon when I am *not* at home, my servant will show him my library, which he will find tolerably well furnished with the useful authors, ancient as well as modern, ecclesiastical as well as profane, who have *directly* supplied me with the materials of my history.

Gibbon's method was to make notes as he read, and compose a paragraph at a time, whilst walking up and down his room. Then he would commit it to writing and add the references. "It has always been my practice to cast a long paragraph in a single mould, to try it by my ear, to deposit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I had given the last polish to my work." Possibly the "pedestrian" method of composition helped his accuracy of reference; for David Hume, who wrote with his feet on the sofa, was wont to find it "*unco fashionable*" to remove them, and get up to verify his facts and references. Folios are much easier to handle when one is standing up. All was grist that came to his mill. He had the true scholar's mania for collecting potentially relevant detail of all kinds; from the climate of Siberia and Iceland to the plants of Switzerland, from ancient weights and measures to the habits of fishes. "Let us imitate the botanists," he said; "all plants are not useful in medicine, yet they are continually discovering new ones."

The mental attitude of the historian, whilst allowing the assimilated evidence to form itself into a pattern, must presumably be as objective as possible. The ideal condition would be for the will of the historian to act merely as a catalyst, precipitating the fusion of appropriate elements, yet neither contributing any elements thereto, nor being itself altered thereby; just as a strip of platinum, by its mere presence, effects the chemical fusion of gases. In Gibbon's first publication, the *Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature*, the germ of this idea may be found. "Pay more regard to the facts that spontaneously form themselves into a system, than to those which you discover after having devised the system."

The famous dictum of Voltaire, *il faut écrire l'histoire en philosophe*, is usually misinterpreted, for it is seldom completed. It continues, *mais qu'il ne faut pas l'écrire en précepteur, et qu'un historien doit instruire le genre humain sans faire le pédagogue*. The eighteenth-century historians did not mean that history should be written with a didactic purpose, nor that every historian should be an historiologist. The "philosophic historian" is the antithesis not of the true historian, but of the mere chronicler and annalist. Gibbon mentions Tacitus as his ideal of the "philosophic historian," who has "risen above the raw compilers who see no more in facts than facts." He meant that the historian must have a

mind penetrating enough to see the interconnection of events, the hidden springs of the historical process.

History is to the philosophic mind what gambling was to the Marquis de Dangeau. It sees a system, connexions and consequences, where others can discern only the caprices of fortune. . . . Those [facts] which prevail in the general system, which are intimately connected with it, and which move its inner springs, are very rare ; and it is rarer still to find minds that can distinguish them among the vast chaos of events, and draw them thence, pure and unmixed.

Far from Gibbon being himself an historiologist, the famous controversy over his "infidel" chapters is the first historic and dramatic clash between the new historian and the old historiologists. He had to bear the brunt of being the first great historian to deal with the growth of Christianity and of the Roman Church as parts of the whole historical process, and to exclude from his story all supernatural explanations, all reliance on miracles as a concern of the serious historian. His opponents made a grievous mistake, which was the cause of their futility. Filled with righteous indignation at his "infidel tendencies," they proceeded to attack him on the one ground on which he was practically unassailable—his methods as an historian. They were moved by something with which Gibbon was not greatly concerned, and they attacked him on grounds which he really understood. The historian was well able to defend and consolidate his own limited territory ; and he had ample revenge, for he was sure of his ground.

To the modern reader, it seems that Gibbon does not halt often enough to analyse causes and indicate important tendencies. Yet his contemporaries were wont to criticise him for doing it so much. The truth is that he is little concerned with analysing and tabulating causes, but is usually content to let the story speak for itself. His fifteenth and sixteenth chapters are one of the notable exceptions, and perhaps even this attempt had been better left undone. Even so, it must be remembered that he pretends to give no more than five suggestions of "secondary causes" for the growth of Christianity. He expressly admits from the first that the "obvious but satisfactory answer is the convincing nature of the doctrine itself, and the ruling prudence of the great Author," and in

his *Autobiography* he refers to his "inquiry into the *human causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity." That is why he was provoked by the attack of Mr. Davis upon "not the faith, but the fidelity of the historian." The secondary and earthly reasons he had suggested were the intolerant zeal of the Christians, the "important truth" of a future life, the miraculous powers ascribed to the Church, the "pure and austere morals of the Christians," and the union and discipline of the Church within the Empire. There is nothing obviously illogical here. His attitude is, roughly speaking, "let those who will deal with supernatural and incalculable considerations; the task of the historian must be limited to less ambitious but more earthly and tangible circumstances." No one—least of all Gibbon—would pretend that the suggested causes are an adequate explanation. That could be given only by telling the full, detailed story of the "triumph of barbarism and religion." The real objection is not to the falsity of the causes but to the inadequacy of the suggestions; but all lists of causes, abstracted from the context of the story, are an inadequate explanation. It is ironical that the charge of inadequacy should be brought against the man who told the story better than anyone else before or since. And let who will give an "adequate" explanation of the rise of Christianity.

Let who will attempt to give an adequate explanation even of the causes of the fall of the Roman Empire. When all theories have been examined and balanced one against the other, and a synthesis attempted, he will not be able to better these four sentences of Gibbon, on the fundamental paradox of the city-state which became an Empire.

The rise of a city, which swelled into an empire, may deserve, as a singular prodigy, the reflection of a philosophic mind. But the decline of Rome was the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness. Prosperity ripened the principle of decay; the causes of destruction multiplied with the extent of the conquest; and as soon as time or accident had removed the artificial supports, the stupendous fabric yielded to the pressure of its own weight. The story of its ruin is simple and obvious, and instead of inquiring *why* the Roman Empire was destroyed, we should rather be surprised that it had subsisted so long.

But even so, Cotter Morison comes very near the truth when he writes that "Gibbon was much more an artist than perhaps

he suspected, and less of a philosophical thinker than he would have been willing to allow." Gibbon was the master builder far more than the *philosophe*, the master craftsman rather than the doctrinaire. And therein lies the essence of his greatness.

The idea of progress dominated the minds of many historians in the nineteenth century, and often falsified their interpretation of history. The historians of the eighteenth century were dominated by the converse idea of decadence. They took a pessimistic view of the past. Now it is Voltaire screaming, "I tell you that it were better for the whole human race if you were to throw all civil and ecclesiastical history into the fire ; I can find in it nothing but records of crimes." Now it is Rousseau, in his first *Discours*, asking, "What would become of history if there were no tyrants, wars or conspiracies ?" Now it is Burke, declaring that "history consists, for the greater part, of the miseries brought upon the world by pride, ambition, avarice, revenge, lust, sedition, hypocrisy, ungoverned zeal, and all the train of disorderly appetites." Now it is Gibbon himself, remarking that history "is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." The past was a bondage to be escaped from rather than a heritage to be enjoyed. It was Shelley's "record of crimes and miseries." This pessimism existed partly because the chronicles had tended to concentrate upon the lurid side of history ; partly it was the cult of the "noble savage" popularised by Locke and Rousseau which made history seem, by comparison, retrogression ; and it was important that the noble savage was "pre-historic." Partly, it was because the history of Christendom was the history of Christianity, and religion meant fanaticism and intolerance ; and to the Age of Reason, the ages of faith seemed a wilderness of unreason, misery and strife. Both the idea of progress and the idea of decay, it should be noted, imply a certain weighing of the past in the scales of the present, a passing of moral judgments. The importance of Gibbon is the rarity and the isolation of such judgments. They are, indeed, interspersed throughout his story ; but his story is not modelled on them. They are purely incidental, and separable from the story. He has not cut his story according to the previous pattern of his philosophy. He has simply taken "decline and fall" as his

theme, and told the story of that theme as accurately as he could.

It is important to realise this truth, because so much criticism has been based upon misunderstanding of Gibbon's purpose. He did not intend to write a history of the Middle Ages; still less, a history of the Roman Church, or of Christianity. His theme was quite simply the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and he was concerned with medieval history only in so far as it was immediately relevant to that theme. When one critic says that "with the design of overthrowing the Christian faith, it had become a matter of principle to aim, like the youthful Erasmus, at compassing the entire round of human learning," he reveals a complete misunderstanding of the whole importance of Gibbon. His eyes are fixed much more on the Capitol than on the Vatican. And just because his theme was decay, and he was always looking back rather than forward, he did not need to weigh the past in the scales of the present, and he was not greatly concerned with new growth. He has been criticised by Dean Milman for the inadequacy of his account of the Crusades, by Morison for his account of Charlemagne and feudalism, by Bury for his comparative neglect of the Byzantine Empire, by all for his account of the Church. Perhaps to restrict his theme to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was artificially to limit his aim; but such was his theme, and it is unjust to criticise him for not being irrelevant—however much he may be criticised for being irreverent. He did not, like his critics, conceive his subject as starting from the Roman Empire and radiating outwards in ever-widening circles into the modern world. He conceived his subject as tapering gradually towards a point. It was like a stalactite, a triumph of slow acquisitiveness, resulting in a similar shape. That is why he is careful to end not with the crash of Constantinople, which might herald a new dawn, but harking back to old Rome makes his narrative fade away amidst the ruins of the Capitol, where it was first conceived. The work of the master builder must taper towards its top, like a tower, not blossom out luxuriantly like a plant. So, when Mr. Belloc writes that "This great work is profoundly unhistorical. It presents a thoroughly warped view of the whole vast Revolution which turned Pagan into Christian Europe. That Revolution is Gibbon's very subject . . .", the only answer is that this was

not Gibbon's subject ; and Mr. Belloc is grumbling because the master builder who built a tower did not become an artist and paint a plant.

His avowed aim was "to render to posterity a just and perfect delineation of all that may be praised, of all that may be excused, of all that may be censured." When refusing a copy of Priestley's book in 1783, Gibbon refers to himself as "the Historian who, without interposing his own sentiments, has delivered a simple narrative of authentic facts." He certainly regarded himself as a pure historian, having no pretensions to be an historiologist. One of our greatest modern historians, Professor G. M. Trevelyan, has expressed it thus :

Round the story, as flesh and blood round the bone, should be gathered many different things—character-drawing, study of social and intellectual movements, speculations as to probable causes and effects, and whatever else the historian can bring to illuminate the past. But the art of history remains always the art of narrative. That is the bedrock.

Gibbon would have agreed very readily with these remarks.

He was, indeed, a man of his age. His rationalist scepticism, the universalism of his outlook, the Gallicism of his culture, all savour of the eighteenth-century *philosophe*. But he was not a man of the world ; and that is the secret of his supremacy as an historian above all his contemporaries. From the first he had "a blind propensity for books," then his "indiscriminate appetite subsided by degrees into the historic line." "I *know*, by experience, that from my early youth I aspired to the character of an historian." Throughout his life direct contact with the world of affairs was but slight. He fell in love—but when his father objected, he "sighed as a lover, and obeyed as a son." He joined the militia—as Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers. He entered Parliament in the great days of Burke—and never spoke. He lived through the most exciting period of the century—but when the French Revolution burst upon Europe, he could regard it chiefly as it affected the comforts of a fat historian in his library arm-chair. The picture, in short, is that of a studious, pondering man, always thrown back upon the resources of his own native genius, and enjoying great freedom in following his own inclinations. He records, characteristically, that instead of attending the public course of lectures given by M. Vicat

at Lausanne, "I preferred in my closet the lessons of his masters, and my own reason." In England his "philosophic walks" usually ended at the nearest seat, with further reading or meditation. And he adds, "I was never less alone than when by myself." The process of writing history could scarcely find more congenial circumstances. Little wonder that he was able, as Horace Walpole phrased it, "to melt his materials together and make them elucidate and even improve and produce new discoveries."

The misfortune of Gibbon is that his greatness has led men to expect even more than he offers. His greatness has four corner-stones, and further claims are unnecessary. First, his work is a permanent mine of accurate information. Secondly, he is of value in so far as each generation sees some aspect of the original evidence which it alone can understand ; for no man was more truly a son of his age. Thirdly, he marks the climax of a conception of history and a method of writing history, which emerged from the philosophy of the enlightenment, and which have lasting significance even to-day. Finally, his work has the unique and permanent value of a work of art, the masterpiece of a master craftsman ; and the Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers who carried Horace in his pocket has himself left a monument more lasting than brass.

DAVID THOMSON.

THE RIVER OF LONDON IN HISTORY.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC has shown in his book *The River of London* how London came to be built at the precise spot on the River Thames where it has stood for so many centuries, and how it grew of necessity to be the capital of this island kingdom.

“The Thames,” he tells us, “was so situated that a crossing place of a permanent sort had to be established as far down the stream as possible. This place was found where the stream was still broad, tidal and a port. Once bridged, the same spot could mark the terminal of sea-borne traffic and the place of exchange between foreign and domestic produce, while the roads radiating north and south from such a crossing would further establish its pre-eminence.”

It must be remembered that stretches of marsh-land impeded the crossing of the river in early days to a much greater extent than they do now. The river was not confined within its present banks, and eyots or islets studded the stream for a large part of its course. Their names meet us to-day in a corrupted form over and over again, as for instance in Chelsea (Chesil-eyot), Battersea (St. Peter's-eyot), Bermondsey, Moulsey, Romney, etc. The termination *ey* or *ea* has ordinarily this signification. Chesil is equivalent to the modern English shingle, and we get the same word in Chesil Beach, a shingle beach which unites Portland with the mainland. Westminster Abbey was built on what was then an island in the course of the Thames, Thorney Island (or Thorn island).

It is mainly in relation to its historical interest that we are dealing with the River of London in the present article. The names with which the course of the Thames are dotted are historical landmarks. They confront us more especially in London and in the most unique and traditional of its suburbs, Richmond. The nobles of an earlier day had their mansions and palaces on the River Thames. In the name of Old Palace Yard we are reminded of an ancient palace of the kings of England on the site of which to-day stand the Houses of Parliament. On the opposite bank of the river still stands Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, originally built by Archbishop Morton towards the close of the fifteenth century and restored by the munificence of

Archbishop Howley between 1828 and 1848 at a cost of over £60,000. The adjoining church was rebuilt as recently as 1852. In the churchyard is the tomb of John Tradescant, who formed the first museum of consequence in this country in the reign of Charles II. It passed at his death to Elias Ashmole (whose tomb is also in the churchyard) and now forms part of the well-known Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

Whitehall, associated with so many Government Departments at the present day, was formerly the site of a Royal Palace, and its extensive gardens abutted on the banks of the River Thames. It extended from the south corner of Richmond Terrace to the north side of the Horse Guards Parade, where its main entrance was situated. Here Henry VIII died and also Oliver Cromwell, in the midst of a tempestuous storm and fearful of the fate awaiting him in another world. The Palace was destroyed by fire in 1698 and was never rebuilt, but many houses of the nobility arose on its ruins, among which may be mentioned Rutland House, Fife House, York Place and Dover House. Of these the only one still standing is Dover House, now transformed into the headquarters of the Secretary of State for Scotland.

Somerset House, now occupied by Government offices, stands on the site of the town house of Lord Protector Somerset, regent of England in the brief reign of Edward VI. Surrey Street, Howard Street, Norfolk Street and Arundel Street recall the extensive mansion of the ancestors of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England. Essex Street tells the tale of the ill-fated favourite of Queen Elizabeth and occupies the site of Essex House. Villiers Street and Buckingham Street remind us of the no less disastrously terminated career of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, favourite of James I and Charles I. Here originally stood York House, once the town residence of the bishops of Norwich, but transferred later to the Archbishopric of York, from which it took its name. It subsequently passed into the hands of Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon, who died there in 1597, and it was here that his more famous son, Lord Chancellor Bacon, was born in 1560. It is recorded that the Duke of Lennox proposed to the Lord Chancellor to sell it, to which he replied : " York House is the house where my father died and where I first breathed and there will I breathe my last breath, if it so please God and the King." It was in the reign of

Charles I that it became the residence of his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Thereafter it was granted to General Fairfax during the times of the Commonwealth and, his daughter having married the second Duke of Buckingham, the property reverted to the Villiers family. The dissipated habits of Charles II's minister necessitated its sale when the mansion was pulled down and streets were built on its site.

Durham House adjoined York House, and stood on the spot occupied by Adelphi Terrace, a place rendered memorable by the sojourn there of David Garrick, who lived at No. 5, and died there January 20th, 1779. Durham House itself was memorable in history. It was an ecclesiastical residence till the times of Henry VIII, and is stated by Stow to have been built by Bishop Hatfield in 1345. Henry converted it into a Royal Palace. In the reign of Edward VI it became the residence of John Dudley Earl of Northumberland ; and here took place the marriage of his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, eldest daughter of Henry Duke of Suffolk, an alliance which subsequently brought husband and wife to the scaffold. Queen Mary returned the mansion to the See of Durham. In Elizabeth's reign Sir Walter Raleigh was allowed to make use of the house, but it was restored at his death to the Bishopric of Durham once more. Later on it was purchased by the Earl of Pembroke but pulled down early in the eighteenth century. Worcester House, eastward of Durham House, was also originally an episcopal residence, having belonged to the See of Carlisle. It passed thence into the hands of the Earls of Bedford, from whom it was purchased by the Earl of Worcester. On the son of the Earl of Worcester being created Duke of Beaufort the name was changed to Beaufort House. Beaufort Buildings in the Strand took its place after its destruction by fire.

The Savoy Palace further to the east was founded by the Earl of Savoy in the reign of Henry III and had the appearance rather of a fortress than a mansion. It is celebrated in history for the imprisonment of John, King of France, after his capture by Edward the Black Prince. Like other historical sites on the Thames it had a chequered history, having been burnt by the mob in the insurrection of Wat Tyler and afterwards rebuilt and turned into a hospital and sanctuary. All that now remains of it is the Savoy Chapel which formerly stood within its walls.

We may pass over other buildings of historic interest on the banks of the Thames, but a reference, however brief, to the Tower cannot be omitted. The oldest part, the White Tower, was erected by the architect Gundulph to the order of William the Conqueror, the building being commenced in 1078, twelve years after the Norman Conquest. Doubtless it was intended in the first instance to keep in subjection the unruly and turbulent element in the Saxon population. For many years it served as a sort of political prison and witnessed in this character many deeds of darkness, of which the most celebrated is the murder of the young princes, sons of Edward IV.

Many of the local names on the Thames have reference to hythes or landing-places. These we find embedded in Rotherhithe, Greenhythe, Queenhithe, Lambeth (Lamb-hythe) and Hammersmith (Ham hythe or Hamar's hythe). We meet with the term in Maidenhead, formerly called Maydenhythe, and again as far up the Thames as Bablock Hythe some ten miles above Oxford, and it is of course familiar as the name of a watering place on the coast of Kent.

So, too, we have reference to ferries, an evidence that no bridge was in existence at the part of the Thames in question, as in the case of Horseferry Road, the ferry being used for conveying horses and probably passengers also across the river where Westminster Bridge now stands. The Church of St. Mary Overy (St. Mary of the Ferry) has been cited as another instance of the same kind, but the derivation has been called in question and is possibly incorrect.

English sovereigns had a peculiar partiality for the Thames. Before ever Windsor was a Royal residence, they had a palace on the banks of the Thames at Richmond. Later on there was the Palace built by Cardinal Wolsey at Hampton Court, and presented by him, doubtless unwillingly enough, to King Henry VIII. At Richmond, too, Charles II had an extensive park laid out for his own diversion, which passed eventually after much strife into the hands of the Richmond municipality. The history of the Palace at Richmond is one of very special interest. The first of England's monarchs to occupy it was Edward I, and all the first three Edwards resided successively at this Palace, then termed the Palace of Sheen. For the name of Richmond was unknown in the locality until the reign of Henry VII, who rebuilt it on a much more magnificent scale, and in compliment to whom the inhabitants of Sheen

adopted the name of Richmond, Henry having been Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire. We may well regret the abandonment of the simpler and more picturesque name of Sheen for one that is liable to lead to confusion with another place, and has indeed done so in a very notable instance as the lass of Richmond Hill, there is strong reason to believe, hailed originally from Richmond in Yorkshire, though Sheen (or Richmond, Surrey) has adopted her as its own without valid justification. It is curious that the original name of the borough survives in East Sheen though West Sheen has ceased to exist, at least under that appellation. Edward III died at this Palace of Sheen (or Sheene), his death hastened, as it is said, by grief for that of his son Edward the Black Prince, his long and at first successful reign closing in gloom and popular discontent of which his grandson Richard II became the unfortunate inheritor. Edward III is said to have had a shooting-box, it may be noted, at what is now Ravenscourt Park, the place being associated with his amour with Alice Perrers. However this may have been, King Richard, his grandson and successor, as stated by the historian Walsingham, kept regal state at Sheen Palace, his establishment consisting of no less than three hundred retainers. Here his Queen, Anne of Bohemia, to whom he was devoted and whose popularity was a mainstay of his throne, died after a brief illness, and after her death the clouds rapidly gathered which led within six years to the final catastrophe.

It is recorded that the custom of ladies riding side-saddle was introduced by this Queen, a fashion only recently abandoned after a period of upwards of 500 years. It appears that Richmond Palace was left to fall into a state of decay after Queen Anne (of Bohemia)'s death, but in the reign of Henry V, Shakespeare's celebrated Prince Hal, it underwent restoration and again became a royal residence. A new and brilliant chapter in the history of the Palace began, as already stated, in the reign of Henry VII. This first of the Tudor monarchs made it his residence and held here, as the chronicler relates, "great triumphs of jousting and tourney." But in December of the year 1497, while the king and his court were in residence, a great fire broke out at the palace and the whole edifice was reduced to ruin. In spite however of his reputation for thrift Henry rebuilt it on a scale of much greater splendour than before, the new Palace and grounds extending along the

frontage of the River Thames from what is now Asgill House to Queensberry Lane, where recently artistically designed flats have taken the place of the old residence of the Marquises of Queensberry.

From that time forth Richmond Palace became the favourite country residence of the Tudor kings. Here Henry VII, its second founder, if we may so term him, died on April 21st, 1509, leaving his second surviving son, Henry, to succeed him, his elder brother Arthur having died of the plague within six months of his marriage to Katherine of Aragon, the youthful couple having been only fifteen at the time of their marriage. Here Henry VIII held high festival in the early years of his reign in company with Katherine, his brother's widow, whom he had married after a dispensation from the Pope had been obtained, though he was some five years her junior. Here he delighted to disguise himself as some stranger knight or even as the counterpart of Robin Hood to the amusement of his Court and his Queen, and here, too, he loved to indulge in jousts and tilting, in which the elegance of his deportment was much admired. For Henry, whom we so often think of in his corpulent middle age, had the reputation of an accomplished athlete in his youth and early manhood. But it is probable that the Palace was never so merry as in the heyday of his daughter Queen Elizabeth's auspicious reign. At her court at Richmond she was wont to be attended by a gay and brilliant retinue, and herself indulged in dancing, music and singing as part of her regular morning's occupation. Here she loved to entertain foreign princes and ambassadors or hold revelry in company with her favourite, the Earl of Leicester. Hence she journeyed from time to time to Mortlake to visit the celebrated Dr. Dee and to be told of strange visions in his crystal mirror. Here, too, like her grandfather, she died in circumstances of gloom and tragedy heightened by mysterious hints of uncanny apparitions.

Prince Henry, the ill-fated heir of James I, resided at Richmond, and thereafter his brother Charles, who was created Prince of Wales on November 4th, 1616, and on the occasion journeyed by river from the Palace to Whitehall where the ceremony took place. King James, it is recorded, stood on the gallery stairs at Whitehall to see the Prince arrive in the Royal Barge from Richmond attended by the Lord Mayor and

all the City Companies of London, also in their barges, who, we are informed, "came in very good order and made a very goodly show." The Duke of Buckingham, the Prince's favourite companion, was frequently his guest at Richmond Palace, where, says the chronicler, "there was nothing to write about but dancing and feasting." Here Charles when he became king made a very valuable collection of pictures and works of art; but these and the contents of the Palace generally were sold up and dispersed during the Commonwealth to the great indignation of the inhabitants of the royal borough, and thereafter the Palace never regained its former splendour. Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I, lived in it for some years after the Restoration, but it is spoken of at the time as "being in part plucked down." Charles II's preference was for Windsor Castle, and gradually the noble edifice was allowed to fall into ruin and disrepair. Adjoining the Green at Richmond is all that now remains of the Tudor Palace. It consists of a stone gateway with a postern gate beside it which is believed to have been the entrance to the Wardrobe Court. There are also some rooms on the left-hand side of a quadrangle turned latterly into two residences, the major portion of which was till recently occupied by Lord Chancellor Cave, but of the handsome frontage of the Palace not a stone remains. The tradition of the palmy days of Richmond is recalled only by the "Maids of Honour" cakes for which it is celebrated, once the favourite delicacies of the Maids of Honour of the Royal Court, and Maids of Honour Row, the name given to a row of Queen Anne houses facing the Green and built over what was once a portion of the Palace grounds. Not only did the preference of the British Sovereigns for Windsor Castle compete with the popularity of Richmond Palace, but the proximity of Hampton Court (at a later date enlarged and specially favoured by William III) offered an alternative Royal residence in the near neighbourhood. Henry VIII spent much time at Hampton Court and added considerably to the edifice that Cardinal Wolsey had begun. Here Edward VI was born and Jane Seymour died. Here, too, Oliver Cromwell frequently stayed. It was abandoned by the Royal family after the reign of George II.

Kew Palace, a much less ambitious structure, long since demolished, was purchased in 1781 by George III and is specially associated with his Queen, Charlotte, who spent

much of her leisure at Kew and eventually died here. Many fantastic objects and miniature temples still visible in the Gardens, since the accession of Queen Victoria thrown open to the public and devoted to botanical research, bear witness to Queen Charlotte's fantastic tastes, and notably the Pagoda, a tower designed in imitation of a Chinese building by Sir William Chambers. Sion (or Syon) House on the opposite side of the river occupies the site of an ancient religious establishment, the original grant having been made to a Convent of Bridgetine nuns by Henry V in 1414. The convent was dissolved along with so many others by Henry VIII, and the site was granted by his son and successor, Edward VI, to the Lord Protector Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and after his attainder to the Duke of Northumberland, in whose family it still remains.

The popularity of the banks of the Thames in the proximity of London is witnessed by many other historic dwelling places. Chiswick House, now thrown open to the public, Pope's Villa at Twickenham, and Strawberry Hill, the residence of Horace Walpole, may be cited among the most noteworthy of these.

Chiswick House, until recently a residence of the Dukes of Devonshire, with its charming grounds and gardens, was originally designed and laid out by Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington. It was modelled on the Villa Capra, near Vicenza, the designer of which was the celebrated Palladio. Here Charles Fox died in 1806 and here also George Canning passed away. Orleans House, on the Twickenham bank, was once the residence of the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne. It obtained the name of Orleans House through its having been rented by the Duke of Orleans early in the nineteenth century. Kingston, less famous as a resort of rank and fashion, is noteworthy as having been the place of Coronation of a number of the Saxon Kings before the Norman Conquest. The King's Stone whereon they were said to have been crowned is still an object of interest in the centre of the town.

In such a brief sketch as the above it is only possible to outline the main points of interest which link up the Thames with the history of the Empire in whose life it has played so important a part. Truly England without the River Thames would resemble *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

R. SHIRLEY.

THE SMITH IN CULTURE-HISTORY.

IN Ancient Egypt the smith forged in copper, and later in bronze, the magical chisel which gave power to the hands of the sculptor and so enabled him to fashion from stone the portraits of the kings who were themselves divine beings ; hence the smith-craft of Egypt was closely allied to the priest-craft. Mesen was the blacksmith god ; Mesniu was " the blacksmith of Horus," and the word Mesenti, besides being the title of the high-priest of Apollinopolis, indicates a sculptor, a metal-worker, or caster of metals : and further, the Heru-shemsu were, according to Sir Wallis Budge, " a group of mythological beings of the last divine king of Egypt, with whom later were identified the blacksmiths of Edfu, and the beings who assisted in the embalming and burial of Osiris."

The Greek Hephæstus (Rom. Vulcanus) was himself a smith. He was born lame and weak, and his disgusted mother flung him down from Olympus. Crippled in the legs, but mightily compensated in the power of his arms and shoulders, he acquired the magical handicraft. On his return to Olympus he inhabited a palace-smithy wherein his roaring forge received its blast from twenty bellows. Here he wrought the armour of Achilles, the necklace of Harmonica, and the fire-breathing bulls of Aetes, King of Colchis. On earth active volcanoes were his subsidiary workshops, where, with the assistance of the Cyclopes, as hammermen, he forged thunderbolts.

From Ancient Greece to Rome, and from Rome through Europe, spread the convention of the lame, crippled, or dwarfed blacksmith. The youthful Siegfried was nurtured by such a one, Mime, who incessantly grumbled, growled and cursed at the impossibility of welding the broken parts of the hero's sword, Nothung. This task was reserved for one who knew no fear, and at length the blond, gigantic apprentice seized the steel and successfully married the broken parts, thereby proving himself the knight chosen to slay the dragon, Fafnir, and recover the Niebelung Ring, Hoard, and Tarn-helmet. Here is myth, saga and folklore combined, used by Wagner to its fullest dramatic advantage ; but the significance of the theme from our point of view is Mime's foster-parentage of Siegfried, his possession of the magic sword, his evident earlier familiarity with Siegmund and Sieglinde (the noble

parents of Siegfried), and his dealings with Wotan and Alberich.

Theodric the Ostrogoth, in a letter to Thrasamund, King of the Vandals, thanks his brother-in-law for the gift of a sword, the edges of which were so true that it seemed "to have flowed like liquid from the furnace: and in the hollow centre of the blade one can discern an appearance as of twisted worms that gives the effect of changing light as if the steel were of many colours." In short, the blade was damascened, that is, built up from laminated strips and plates of steel, each piece of a different temper, and the whole welded together throughout, so that the pattern remained true to the core. This was the most exquisite form of smith's work, for damascened swords were frequently so finely forged and so highly flexible that they might be rolled from point to pommel, much like a leather strap. Swords and armour, buckles and harness-plates, endeared the smith to kings and princes. They concealed their contempt and reduced the swagger of their manner before this unprepossessing, begrimed and sweltering creature, "Sir Smith," who, in the tradition of Tubal Cain, "a man of might in the days when the earth was young," supplied the implements by virtue of which rulers held sway and tyrants triumphed. But Tubal Cain, who "fashioned the sword and spear," saw the evil wrought thereby, and after a period of pained cogitation he rekindled his fire and, filled with a new spirit, "fashioned the first ploughshare." This, too, did the medieval European smith, and while he enjoyed the friendship of kings he none the less commanded the awed respect of peasants.

In Norse legend the smithy of the *Æsir* is tenanted by Thor. The lightning is his hammer-flash, and the thunder is the diapason of his blown fire; while here below the trolls, hidden in the fastness of the hills, have their forges; and though no trolls are beautiful, the *duergar*, a dwarf with long arms which reach to the ground, is chosen to fill the rôle of smith, and, despite his simian and formidable exterior, his artist spirit is expressed in the invincible weapons, the agricultural implements, and the fine filigree ornaments that his hammer creates.

The Faustian soul is time- and history-conscious. We men of the West may look back and see how thought has shifted its centre of gravity from age to age, and above all how the

torch has been handed on as culture after culture has reached its maximum of development, sloughed into the twilight of its decadence, then died. These oscillating tides of history are governed by a law, and Oswald Spengler, in his *Decline of the West*, has given us a very clearly defined morphology. To him a culture is a living thing having both a soul and a body. The soul is expressed through the arts and crafts which, while robust, expanding and progressive, signify that the culture is "becoming," and when starved, stagnant and stereotyped, that the culture has "become." The lifeless body of a culture is "civilisation." Spengler is irritated by fallacious comparisons such as "Christianity and Buddhism," "Napoleon and Cæsar"; and he is at pains to make it clear that Buddhism may more correctly be equated to Socialism, Napoleon to Alexander, and that Wagner's music is a re-expression of Gothic cathedral architecture. "Eras, epochs, situations, people, are ever repeating themselves true to type," he says; and by meticulously analysing every aspect of divers cultures, he lays bare the fundamental theme beneath each expression-form. Nevertheless, he fails to point out that the cult-craft of the smith has survived unchanged through all the vicissitudes of history. Actually the smith-cult has been a primal current of vitality; for states and empires rose and fell but always the happy melody of hammer on anvil rang from the forges. The iron-working artist-magician's services were ever in demand—sword or ploughshare, spear or pruning-hook. The living pulse of the blacksmith-cult throbbed and throbbed, now weak, now strong: culture-conscious as sword and armour master to the mighty of the great aggressive epochs; humble and idyllic, serving a pacific fellah population; yet intrinsically unchanged from the inception of the age of metals until well into the expansion period of the modern machine age.

In the early Victorian era an English rural community's welfare was largely dependent on the industry of the village blacksmith, who not only forged horseshoes and repaired the ironwork of wagons and wheels, but made many of the farm implements and carpenter's tools used locally. Besides this very practical importance the smith was a personage with not a little social significance, the forge being a centre of attraction for the male gossips of the village, a sort of unofficial club-house where women and children were not encouraged

to congregate. Men lounging away a friendly leisure hour sat anywhere except upon the anvil. That object remained strictly tabu. The fact that it was generally too hot to afford a comfortable resting-place had nothing to do with its sanctity, for it was also tabu on Sunday, when the fire was extinguished and the anvil itself cold. This respect for the anvil was more than merely a yokel's superstition, it invaded the somewhat prosaic Deritend of Birmingham, where there were many smiths at work, proud men, conscious of the peculiar status of their unique trade, and of their supremacy as master craftsmen. The beginning of the end of the smith's independence came in the mid-Victorian era. The machines had grown in girth and immense forgings were needed in mighty beam-engines, and in pumping-plant for hydraulic power. It was then that the steam-hammer was introduced to deal the superhuman blow required, the smith, through the medium of pulley-block and chain-tackle, manipulating the metal beneath the monstrous mechanical vulcan. The smaller forgings he continued to beat out entirely by hand. Nevertheless the canker had settled upon the smith's craft, and slowly but very surely it bit deep. Lighter steam-hammers came into use to facilitate the manufacture of medium-sized articles; spring-hammers followed to enable the smaller work to be accomplished without the aid of a hammerman, and with the exit of the "striker" half the life was gone from the forge.

One of the most remarkable sights in the old days of craftsmanship was smith and hammerman working together. The master turned the steel upon the anvil and with a hand-hammer indicated where, when and how hard the blow was to be dealt; the music of the signal-code, beaten like a peal of bells from the anvil, was the symphony of the smithy. Magic departed with the tune, and the lonely smith stood before a foot-operated spring-hammer—a soulless machine to the requirements of which even the hitherto sanctified anvil was sacrificed, a square steel block being mounted in its place. However, this latest mechanical "striker" could deal only a "blind" blow and the smith's skill was necessary to shape the material by means of swage-irons; but his morale suffered. The output of the machines was "repetition work," devoid of ornament, and therein lay the grave of craftsmanship. "Speed of production" was the slogan of the period: the single flat-faced

hammer proved but a forerunner of a row of mechanical hammers, each with the face slotted to hold a shaping-tool, leaving the smith nothing to do but carry the hot iron from mould to mould. His skill was now reduced to the possession of an eye sensitive to the glowing colour of heated metal—if a piece grew too dull for working he passed it back to the furnace instead of forward to the next process-hammer. Eventually the pyrometer was introduced and the skilled eye was out of work.

The total extinction of the smith might have dated from the complete mechanisation of the manufacturing industry ; but mass-production forgings have a greater tendency than hand-forgings to crystallise and so snap in use : repairs demanded skilled workmanship ; hand-smithies revived, and with the anvil before him, hammer in hand, he was once more invested with the insignia and the antique dignity of his calling. But the robot named "Progress" produced the oxy-acetylene blowpipe and the electric-arc welding process : prejudice was overcome ; gradually the blacksmith's weld came to be regarded as cumbersome. Nowadays articles for repair, or separate parts requiring to be joined, as for instance the iron rim of a cart-wheel, are clamped in the terminal-grips of a high-power electric circuit. The gap offers resistance to the flow of energy ; the blinding arc leaps across, the metal glows, sparkles, fuses and runs together ; and even a mentally-deficient schoolboy can switch off when the dial indicates "enough." It needs no magic and little skill to apply the oxy-acetylene blowpipe. The "mighty man" with his leathern apron is not required. The garage boy, wearing blue dungaree overalls, can do the job without removing the cigarette-end from his pendulous lip. The culture-pulse has ceased to beat : the wizard-smith is dead and the village forge is tenanted by a farrier who buys machine-made horseshoes by the ton-lot in assorted sizes and finishes them to fit the hoof. There are few, if any, farriers left who can make a horseshoe from the flat ingot. In Britain's Black Country there is not a half-dozen smiths who thoroughly know their trade, and Sheffield and Coventry are deafened by the drop-hammer's dull boom, boom, boom. The anvils ring no more.

The modern West's conception of causation is based on science ; there is no room for magic beside mechanism, and myth long since surrendered to Christianity. But Mesen, the

Egyptian blacksmith-god, passed his cult southward, as well as north and westward. The white man, when he penetrated the African hinterland, found, much to his surprise, that there were native smiths who followed a technique very similar to that of the European smith. Their equipment consisted of a stone anvil, a clay tube through which they blew either by lung-power or by means of crude goat-skin bellows, the hammer and the tongs. In Europe, however, tabus were but trade superstitions; in Africa they were vital social institutions, the smith being regarded as the familiar of either deity or demon. In Somaliland a native never entered a smithy and never shook hands with a smith. These craftsmen formed a strictly endogamous group. In Masailand tabus went even deeper. No man dared touch an implement direct from the smith's hand, nor yet pick up a new tool without first taking the precaution of anointing his own hand with oil. Further, the smiths had set a seal upon their exclusiveness by having evolved a language of their own. This was based on the current Masai tongue, but was sufficiently different to prevent ordinary members of the population from eavesdropping. Among the Nandi, the smiths had originally migrated from the Masai. In the Nandi smith's forge, not only was it dangerous to sit on the anvil, but to so much as step over the bellows or any other tool was fraught with grave risk; and to steal anything from the smithy was a crime even the bravest warrior feared to commit, because the smith, on discovering his loss, had but to mutter a suitable imprecation as he worked the bellows for the thief to experience all the torments that would be his, were he sitting on the glaring "eye" of the fire. The natives of the Lower Congo, according to Mr. J. H. Weeks, had their blacksmiths who were honoured and respected among the dignitaries of the village. "It is unfortunate that the introduction into the country of trade knives, hoes, guns, etc., has practically killed smithing as one of the skilled arts of the people, and the native blacksmith to-day [1905] is gradually passing away into what will soon be the forgotten past." Over thirty callous years have hurried on since then and the dismal prophecy has come true, not only among the Bakongo, but among the Masai, the Nandi, the Somali and others.

The last of the cult-smiths were to be found in Abyssinia: there the Falasha were indeed a race apart, isolated by both

their calling and their religion. The Falasha were the black Jews, inter-marrying, and absolutely alien in all their ways to the rest of the population. They were feared, referred to as *Bouda*, or "devil," and accredited with divers magical powers including that of shape-shifting. The Abyssinians were wise enough to give little or no encouragement to European traders, hence the Falasha held their own up till the present. However, a "civilisation" that has advanced upon the land under cover of a poison-gas cloud and a machine-gun fusillade, is not likely to be slow in bringing the oxy-acetylene blowpipe and the electric arc along with it; and even if the Falasha have survived corporeally, their spiritual death is imminent, and with them goes the last link with "the blacksmith of Horus."

Our modern achievement is vast and admirable. Plywood plus glue ex machines equals a dining-room suite. Yet while one mourns over the loss of a Thomas Chippendale one realises that a dining-room suite is a matter of no moment in the ultimate breakdown of a culture, for the fellah, desiring something portable to sit upon, requires only a tree and an axe. Sheffield would need a high-power, mental microscope to enable her to think in terms of *an axe*: her unit is so many tons of axes *per diem*; and Sheffield, under the canopy of an incarnadined night sky, ringed round with her raging furnaces, presents a magnificent spectacle—the burning badge of titanic ability. But hard as it may be for us to realise it, one day those fires will be cold, and the mountainous slag heaps grass-grown. Western culture has already stiffened into Western civilisation, which is wrapped in a shroud of rectilinear art-forms, atonality music, juvenile enfranchisement, and general hedonism. With the fall of the West goes a World Era—the age of metals. A steel axe will be as far removed from the mentality of the new age, when and if it dawns, as a stone axe is from our own.

JULIAN FRANKLYN.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.

ONCE upon a time—it sounds almost like a fairy tale—there was a gay city called Vienna. Here there lived four young poets, friends, very young, very modern, and quite unknown. But since the world was later to hear much of them, their names may be given straight away. They were : Hermann Bahr, Richard Beer-Hoffmann, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Arthur Schnitzler. This literary quartet was at that time known everywhere as “Young Vienna.” Whether they had christened themselves thus, or whether this name was bestowed upon them a little ironically, it is impossible to ascertain exactly after half a century. But the fact remains that the name “Young Vienna” took root, and was used by both friend and foe in many a literary battle. Long since then young Vienna has grown into old Vienna ; and of the four friends only one is still living, Beer-Hoffmann, relatively the least known.

Vienna fifty years ago was a gay and haughty city where fashion was set by the aristocracy and middle classes together, bound to each other by countless threads of art and amours. Town and *Burg-Teater*, Court and Art, throve in the stormy economic expansion of those years, the seed-bed of modern development, whose motto was : “Live and let live.” Vienna was still living on the fame of its musical tradition ; where Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert had lived, there indeed the sky was still “hung with golden harps,” and the inns and wine-booths for miles around the Imperial City still bore witness to those great days. From all parts of the great Empire energy and talent poured in together. People worked hard, yet the atmosphere was always lively and happy. In the many faculties and academies of the University one could learn much. Body and soul were given the best of care in the great city. People had no specific purpose or particularly useful standards in life. They gave each day its due, and cared not a jot for immortality.

To this Vienna of the eighties came a young man from the provinces, with all the force of a whirlwind. Hermann Bahr, of Linz, a sleepy provincial town, brought something like an American tempo with him in his gay self-sufficiency. Always on the move, always full of excitement, for ever enthusiastic, he launched modernism into the city of tradition. All his life

this man, who died but a short while ago, had an exceptional instinct for people and movements. Thus he soon had a circle of young poets gathered about him, with whose help he wanted to haul this vulgar, *petit bourgeois* world out of its rut. With Bahr the new era had made its entry into Vienna. In Hofmannsthal and Schnitzler it unfolded its first blossoms.

Arthur Schnitzler was the eldest of the circle of friends. He came of one of those cultured middle-class families in which Vienna already abounded. His father was a doctor, university professor and specialist in laryngology. His grandfather came from Hungary. His name and his trade was Zimmermann (carpenter). But this professional name was later in Vienna changed to Schnitzler (wood-carver). The mother's maiden name was Markbreiter. She came of a famous lawyer's family. Arthur came into the world on May 15th, 1862, in the Leopoldstowm quarter of Vienna—a typical Jewish ghetto. He attended the High School and at seventeen entered Vienna University. After four years' study he graduated as Doctor of Medicine, and became, at first, house physician at the general hospital, later, assistant at the psychiatry clinic, and finally, at the clinic for skin diseases. Then in 1888 he became his father's assistant. But after five years of medical practice, during which he was also editor of a medical review, he ended his career as a doctor and dedicated himself wholly to literature, at first under the pseudonym "Anatol" and later under his own name.

At eighteen he wrote his first literary work for the *Bavarian State Messenger*, on the theme of "Patriotism." Here already are to be found those utterances which defined his whole future life: "To be a patriot it is not necessary to love your country; it is enough to work." A wonderful sentence which holds the whole wisdom of his life, and which anticipated the problem of Jacob Wassermann's famous book *Mein Weg als Deutscher und Jude* ("My path as German and Jew"). Several decades later, with his *Weg ins Freie* ("Path to Freedom"), he won his way through to that high recognition which to-day rejoices us like a bright light in the night. He says there: "Each race as such is naturally offensive; only individuals can sometimes through personal merit atone for the offensiveness of their race."

Instead of dedicating himself to politics and the fight against the stupidity of the world, Schnitzler withdrew to the

world of the theatre. Even as a boy he had, with his father, learnt to know the great actors and actresses of the period, Sonnenthal and Wolter and others, who came to the famous throat specialist as patients, and left him as friends. So works by the young poet soon reached the Vienna stage. If *Märchen* ("The Fairy Tale") was a failure, *Liebelei* ("The Love Affair") brought early fame and recognition. This piece, and later others, also opened the stage throughout the Empire to the young poet. Into this period too falls a short visit to England, accounts of which he wrote for several different papers. He was especially struck by the spirit of the hospitals; with surprise, and much shaking of the head, he studied the inscriptions on the walls which read: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth," and "Each man shall bear his own sin." He could scarcely contain himself at such remnants of puritanical thought.

Schnitzler was famous. But how little this could make him stable and at peace within, how greatly he still doubted himself, comes out most vividly in that astounding letter which he wrote, at 30 years of age in 1892, to his friend Theodor Herzl: ". . . while you have long been a famous man, I, not sure of myself or of my calling, or of either, not taken seriously by anyone, have tried to calm my ambition to be a good fellow and man of the world." Perhaps in that Werther mood which he so brilliantly portrayed in the one-act *Anatol* plays, the experiences he had undergone as hypnotiser were also worked out. Schnitzler was an exceptionally good hypnotiser, and as a doctor had prided himself on being one of the first to make use of Freud's discoveries. But then he left this secret landscape between dream world and science, left medicine behind him, and finally exchanged the stethoscope for the pen. Here he differed from his poet-colleagues, the doctors Gottfried Benn, Alfred Döblin, Axel Munthe, Ludwig Schleich, Albert Schweitzer and others who stuck to the double calling without completely giving up either.

The problem of hypnosis had captivated the poet for life. From his first plays in the *Anatol* cycle, the *Frage an das Schicksal* ("Question to Fate") and *Parazelsus*, in which he actually used hypnosis, to his last novels, *Traumnovelle* ("Dream Novel"), *Fräulein Elsa* ("Miss Elsa"), and *Flucht in die Finsternis* ("Flight into Darkness"), in which

medical hypnosis resolves into the problematical soliloquising of a hypnotic, the world of dreams never left him. Schnitzler, who was called a poet of Eros, might with far more justice be called a poet of hypnosis. The shadowy dream-world, weaving its strange veil between birth, love and death, never again left him before his life and his work together came to an end.

Schnitzler's world is large and thickly populated. One of his biographers has counted nearly 250 vivid and individual characters. It is astounding how he knew the way to gain a reputation and to get on in this world; how, to name three examples, in *Kakadu*, in *Medardus* and in *Bernhardi*, he made the dozens of characters talk and gain colour, painting persons so realistically in one or two sentences, that we never forget them. This bears witness to a really great art, or perhaps even more, to a rare gift of observation which the poet had developed as a doctor. That is surely because Schnitzler never lost interest in individuals, never neglected to look at what was close in order to see with the perspective of eternity. Here he differed sharply from his doctor and poet-colleague, Gottfried Benn, who once openly declared that the individual case no longer interested him. The individual case always interested Schnitzler. He was never interested in the masses and their problems. Thus he could never be a Socialist like Dr. Victor Adler, nor a National Socialist like Dr. Gottfried Benn, nor a Zionist like Dr. Alfred Döblin. He was ever an individualist, an outsider to the end. He placed a barrier between himself and other people. There was not a single person whom he addressed in the brotherly second person, not even his friends Hofmannsthal and Wassermann with whom he spent every summer by the wonderful mountain lake in Alt-Aussee. There the quiet, often dreamy and almost shrouded person, came out of his shell a little. Schnitzler was a wonderful listener, even in the later years of his life when increasing deafness seized him. An affectionate friendship bound him to the thinker Joseph Popper-Lynkeus, almost a generation older than himself. While the clouds of war lay like a burden upon us all, the poet visited the philosopher, who for a long while had lain paralysed. For a few hours they sat silent, thinking of all the young persons who in those same hours were dying, and knew not why.

Schnitzler's attitude in the war, the great testing time for

all of us, was worthy of him throughout. He had kept silent both in defeat and in victory, as Karl Kraus, who had not been silent, but who by his daily attacks on the human carnage had saved his country's honour, has said in acknowledgment of him. After the war he turned almost entirely to prose. For what he had to say the stage was too glaring, too loud. Dissecting with the anatomist's careful hand, he wrote of the fates of those problem natures whom the war had uprooted. It was, if one may say so, Casanova's return. Forty years before he had killed the pleasure-seeker, the romantic hero, the Casanova in himself, when under the pseudonym "Anatol" he had written the episodes of "Anatol," and so had spiritually freed himself from them. Now, almost half a century later, there was no Casanova, no romantic hero there, only a crowd of people who were afraid of life, and who passed from it either in a mania of persecution or in the murk of intoxication. Often this was portrayed in the established form of the monologue as in *Leutnant Gustl*, in *Fräulein Else*, in the *Traumnovelle*. Jealousy and persecution, those two dark brothers of love and hate, take up a prominent place in Schnitzler's world. Much of it may have been based on the poet's personal experience. The persecutions which he had to suffer in an over-prudish Austria, especially because of his plays *Freiwild*, *Gustl*, *Kakadu*, and *Bernhardi*, did not rouse him. They made him more sceptical and more solitary.

In all his works Death is a familiar guest. This Death was in truth a guest, often seen with pleasure, often even welcome, when he showed a way out of a hopeless situation. This Death, Friend Hain, was often conjured by the kindly poet. But one day he awoke, and saw another Death, ugly, meaningless, cruel, who plucked not the fruits, but the buds. It was the Death of the war. And against this Death, who changed the city of songs and of gaiety into a city of hunger and of sighs, against this Death the poet drew his sword, his pen. What he wrote after the war was the rearguard action of a genius in a world robbed of its soul. The same thing happened to the other friends, who, with him—a short eternity before—had formed "Young Vienna." Young Vienna had in its time made merry over "Old Vienna." Now both of them, young and old Vienna, lay in their coffin like puppets in the box of his *Grossen Wurstel*, a play closely

resembling a marionette show. Loris and Anatol were dead long since, and now their fathers followed them, Hofmannsthal and Schnitzler.

The poet had forbidden all funeral ceremonies, and orations, and wreaths ; in a simple wooden coffin of unplanned boards he was brought to his last resting place, not far from the graves of his old friends Peter Altenberg, Joseph Popper, and the others who had gone before him. His life had covered seventy years, and in that biblical span the poet had seen, and gained, and given much. That which he sang, the Vienna of lovely maidens, was past, gone for ever. What remained, the bitter end, needed no singer. The strings fell from the tired player's hands. No one would play on them again.

FRITZ GROSS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE NEW BELGIUM.

THE general interest attracted to the Belgian election of April 11th was a measure of the rising importance in Belgian foreign policy of the Flemish element. M. van Zeeland, the Prime Minister, had accepted the challenge of M. Degrelle, the Rexist or quasi-fascist leader, in what we should call a by-election. That fact in itself proved the concern felt by the supporters of M. van Zeeland. The bold acceptance of the challenge ended in triumph, as boldness often ends in triumph. M. van Zeeland polled 275,840 votes against M. Degrelle's 69,242, the Rexist vote being actually lower than it was at last year's general election.

None the less the new Belgian foreign policy, largely deriving from the increased post-war importance of the Flemish element, is an established fact. During the past few weeks, British opinion has been made to face it. King Leopold was in London from March 22nd to March 25th. Although in form he came on a three days' private visit, he nevertheless took the opportunity to discuss with British Ministers, including Mr. Anthony Eden, the conditions which had prompted the promulgation of the new Belgian policy of full neutrality, independence and freedom of action. British opinion had been well prepared for it. Even before King Leopold made his famous statement in October last, M. van Zeeland had on several occasions explained the circumstances which had brought about the change. Neither King Leopold, however, nor M. van Zeeland in their public declarations have referred to the importance of the Flemish question in Belgium. It happens that the Flemish population has rapidly increased since the war. It does unfortunately also happen to be the case that M. Degrelle and his Rexist party do derive much of their support from the Flemish population and that an association of ideas has developed between Nazi influence on the Rexist side and democracy on the Walloon side. Those circumstances have made it inevitable that Belgian foreign policy should be more evenly balanced as between France and Britain on the one side and Germany on the other. It is an open secret that the British and French governments have been given a private assurance that in the event of a German

aggression the most prompt facilities would be placed at the disposal of France and Britain on Belgian territory. But outwardly it has now to be recognised that Belgium adopts an impartial attitude to each of the three Western European Great Powers. The new Belgian policy of full neutrality, independent of any external obligation, presents to the Western European Powers a single isolated new factor in diplomacy, having no relevance to the more general diplomacy centring on what is known as the project for a Western European Pact.

For a whole year the diplomacy in which Belgium is particularly interested has been at a standstill. It was on March 7th, 1936, that Germany reoccupied the Rhineland and repudiated the Locarno Treaty. Since then the theoretic purpose of Western diplomacy has been to substitute another instrument of security in the West for the pact thus invalidated. But Belgium is not prepared to enter any similar pact. She now demands to be recognised by the Powers as a neutral territory on the analogy of Switzerland. Her concern is that she shall not again be made the battlefield of European Great Powers. Her case rests upon the proved failure of past juridical guarantees. The old status as an "independent and perpetually neutral State," not guaranteed by the Powers, which dated from 1831, had been proved valueless as a safeguard. The post-war Locarno treaty of mutual guarantee had been proved equally valueless.

What, therefore, Belgium now demands is that she shall be wholly independent; that her independence and neutrality be guaranteed by the Powers, but that she shall not herself be a guarantor in any treaty system. The Belgian object now is to separate the question of Belgian neutrality from the general question of Western security as based upon a pact of juridical mutual guarantee. She asks for a simple disconnected assurance from Britain, France and Germany alike that her independence is unconditionally to be respected. The development of the air arm in war is used to fortify the argument. "Aggression" henceforth will be a matter of frontier transgression by aeroplane. Any system of mutual guarantee which gave the right to any neighbour, or to Britain, to counter an air aggression on one side by defensive air measures on the other would, it is argued, merely result in Belgian territory being bombed from both sides. The demand

in short is that Belgium shall be free to decide her own action in any emergency that may arise. France and Britain promptly decided to give to Belgium the assurance she demanded, though the text of the declaration had not been published when these lines were written.

DIPLOMACY AND COMMERCE.

We are threatened with the possibility that another world economic and financial conference may be convened. Not that such an event would be likely to do harm. Indeed, the history of our time, if it proves anything, proves that economic conferences never have much effect of any kind. The Genoa Conference of 1922, though it failed to reach an agreement on any of its economic or financial agenda, was followed by a world boom in finance and economics. The Geneva Conference of 1927, though it equally failed in its own object, had no effect on the boom still raging. The London Conference of 1933, though in its turn it registered nothing but disagreement among the delegates, at any rate did not arrest the then incipient world recovery from the biggest slump known to financial and economic history.

The proposed new conference emerges from the assembly in London of the delegates of twenty-two countries attending an International Sugar Conference. The sugar conference met in the Locarno Room of the British Foreign Office on April 5th. In itself sugar as a subject of international discussion had its importance. Mr. MacDonald, for example, opening the conference said: "To-day the position is much better than it was, say, four years ago. But production in some of the greatest sugar-producing countries remains at only about 50 per cent. of its former level. In many others production has been sustained only by special measures of assistance which remain a heavy burden on Government finances or on sugar consumers. There still is in the world a capacity to produce far in excess of present demand. The improved world price is still only just remunerative to the cheapest producers, and, while unused capacity exists and is ready at any moment to be freed, there can be no security of obtaining even that modest return." But it was obvious that to most minds the sugar conference was important mainly as a possible step

towards a more general economic conference. France, for example, though not much interested in the international sugar market, sent to the conference no less eminent a delegate than M. Spinasse, Minister of National Economy. Within twenty-four hours of the opening of the conference it was made known that the British and the French governments had invited the Belgian Prime Minister, M. van Zeeland, to explore the preliminary ground for the holding of a world conference. M. van Zeeland is himself an economist of repute. Belgium has taken a leading part in advocating the reduction of political barriers to trade by international agreement, and has herself followed a restrained policy in the competitive folly we know as economic nationalism.

There would be some excuse for a flippant attitude towards these conferences, and not much harm could be done by such an attitude. Ten years ago the Geneva conference recorded its view that "the time has come to put an end to the increase in tariffs and to move in the opposite direction." When Herr Stresemann reported the "results" of the conference to the Council of the League of Nations he referred to the "momentous words" enshrined in the sentence above quoted and described the conference itself as "one of the most remarkable and successful conferences ever convened by the League." But it certainly was not in the least successful. To-day the general height of tariff walls is such that, as the *Economist* neatly expressed it in its issue of April 10th last, "the tariffs of 1927, if they could be reintroduced into the world of 1937, would seem almost like free trade."

The tactical use of uplift and the protestations of optimism as a political means to the political end in conferences of such a kind ought by now to be discredited. But politicians pass, and their successors either forget or wilfully persist in the beaten track. We have had so much experience since the war of conferences starting off in a blaze of oratorical exuberance and ending in dismal failure, that something more sober would perhaps be a better, and certainly a truer, form of approach. Those who as students followed the politicians, first to Cannes and then to Genoa and who grimly continued their pilgrimages on the subsequent and similar adventures, became tired of the cheap and shallow pretences with which each adventure was heralded. One can still recall the thrill of Mr. Lloyd George's resonant voice as he opened the Genoa Conference in 1922.

One vividly recalls the inspiring words put into the mouth of His late Majesty King George V as he opened the world conference of 1933 in the brand new building of the Geological Museum in South Kensington. One cannot forget the subsequent slow relapse into the single business of discovering formulæ for winding up the conferences with a minimum display of the truth in failure.

It surely cannot do much harm to recall frankly the former landmarks in the post-war diplomatic treatment of commercial problems. The programme for the Genoa Conference was drawn up at the preliminary Cannes Conference held at the beginning of January 1922. But it immediately became doubtful if M. Poincaré, who had succeeded M. Briand as Prime Minister of France, would even attend the conference at Genoa. He objected to Russia's taking part in it. Inasmuch as the main purpose of the conference was to attempt some sort of economic reconstruction on the ruin that was Europe after the war, it obviously was impossible to make the attempt unless both Russia and Germany took part in it. One Saturday morning (February 25th, 1922), Mr. Lloyd George dashed over to Boulogne in his usual dramatic way, held a three hours' argument with M. Poincaré in the house of the Boulogne Sub-Prefect, and crossed again to England in the evening with M. Poincaré's "yes" in his pocket. One vividly remembers the excitement that accompanied such an achievement. I happened to be with Mr. Lloyd George both on the boat going out and on the boat coming back, and can recall the boyish glee with which he told me that now the Genoa Conference would indeed take place. It did take place. For seven weeks beginning April 10th, 1922, the delegates of twenty-nine European States behaved like the denizens of the primeval jungle. The Russian delegation stayed at a hotel in Rapallo twenty miles away, with the result that incredible energy was expended in wild dashes by car along the dusty coast road between the one place and the other. The whole essential purpose of the Genoa Conference was to put into effect the plan of a general European reconstruction as laid down in the Cannes resolution of January 6th. Various commissions deliberated upon the detailed implications, in finance, commerce, transport and general economics of such a scheme in the event of the scheme being adopted. But it was not adopted. The only thing that happened was that the

Russians and the Germans made a separate deal between themselves. By the famous Rapallo Treaty of April 16th, 1922, Russia and Germany agreed in their own separate case to achieve the theoretic purpose of the Genoa Conference by mutually renouncing war reparation claims and by resuming normal diplomatic and consular relations. They thereby incidentally wrecked the Genoa Conference itself.

The next main ecstasy of economics by conference took place under the auspices of the League of Nations. On May 23rd, 1927, fifty nations were represented at a conference that began at Geneva. M. Theunis (Belgium) who presided, announced at the opening that the main matter of urgency to be considered was the problem of tariffs, and the real ambition of the conference was to "lay the first stone of a structure which would serve the general interest and cause of peace." At the end of the conference M. Theunis had to take refuge in generalities, such as that the conference was only a first step in the work of economic reconstruction, and that the conciliatory spirit shown might mark the beginning of a new era in which international commerce might resume its normal functions. Of practical results he had none to show. A "final report" was indeed drawn up. It gave an eloquent description of the problem to be solved, of the harmful effects of high tariffs and the need of increased facilities for international trade; uttered the truism that all countries are interdependent in all that makes for prosperity and peace, but gave it as the opinion of the conference that the method of industrial agreements might be of great benefit, if they were entered into in the right spirit of general interest, not of monopolistic action. There was not a glimmer of understanding among the 200 political delegates who attended the conference, or apparently among their 150 "experts," that the only hope for international trade was to leave it to its own devices, untrammelled by political agreements. Indeed the sense of the conference was to advocate precisely a whole body of new political agreements as a method of obviating difficulties themselves created by political interference. It is true that the conference in one breath postulated the abandonment of tariffs; but in another breath it called for international industrial agreements of which the effect would be to perpetuate the political power over commerce. In detail what the conference advised, in conformity with its view that "the

time has come to put an end to the increase in tariffs and to move in the opposite direction," was that the end be achieved by these four methods : (1) Immediate action by separate States to remove or diminish barriers that hamper trade, starting with those imposed to counteract war disturbances ; (2) Bilateral action in the form of commercial treaties ; (3) The abandonment of the practice of imposing *tarifs de combat* in advance of negotiations ; (4) An effort by the Economic Organisation of the League of Nations " on the basis of the principles enunciated " by the Conference to secure " further action by the respective States with a view to promoting the equitable treatment of commerce by eliminating or reducing the obstructions which excessive customs tariffs offer to international trade." There were many other subsidiary recommendations, relative to the penalising of imported goods by means of differential internal taxes, the free movement of raw materials, the mutual granting of " most-favoured-nation " treatment as the foundation of long-term commercial treaties, the reduction to a minimum of " dumping " and " rationalism," by which was meant the adoption of methods of organisation and technique to ensure the minimum waste of effort or material.

It is a depressing thing on which to dwell. The political representatives of fifty nations had thus engaged themselves upon an academic discussion of economic difficulties without recognising the essential fact that liberty for commerce to make its own running was the obvious need, and that new political agreements could have the effect only of worse confounding the confusion. But the drab and sombre spectacle was relieved by one delicious act of irony. Herr Stresemann when he reported on the conference to the Council of the League of Nations on June 16th, was so buoyed up with a sense of achievement and of hope that he proposed a resolution inviting all governments " to give these principles and recommendations their close attention and the active support necessary to facilitate their adoption and application." Sir Austen Chamberlain was thereby disturbed. He took the view that it was going too far to ask governments to give their " active support " to the recommendations. The Council thereupon meekly emended the resolution and the governments were asked merely to give the recommendations " close attention."

So the world and its governments went on increasing tariffs and stultifying all the attempts of the merchants to do business with each other across frontiers.

Next in 1933 the curtain rose upon what was heralded as a real world conference. For the first time the great United States was to pull her weight. She had refused to go to Genoa, had not taken a very active part at Geneva. She was now engulfed in the general financial and economic depression, and was desperately anxious, as every other country in the world, to do something about it. The Monetary and Economic Conference that met in London on June 12th, 1933, really did look as if it was world-wide in its competence.

But on July 27th it adjourned *sine die*. This time the valedictory speeches in a chastened spirit did not attempt to hide or to palliate the fact of failure. Mr. Neville Chamberlain said : " Let us not attempt to attribute blame to anyone. Let us rather recognise that circumstances beyond our control have been too strong for us and that we must await more propitious conditions before resuming our labours." Mr. Colijn (the Netherlands) said : " We have certainly no reason to congratulate ourselves on the results obtained. This is undoubtedly highly disappointing, and what is more, it is dangerous as well, because the reaction on the hopes fostered may well lead to an aggravation of the present situation." In less than seven weeks disillusion had gone full circle. The spectacle that met one's eyes when the King and the Prime Minister made the opening speeches on June 12th could not fail to stir one's imaginative sense. One felt the irony of it, yet one could not suppress a hope that those men would do something reasonable before they dispersed. Sitting in their rows of green-painted benches, like an enlarged class of school-boys, were the governments of the world : American, European, Asiatic ; Western and Eastern ; all " civilised," in varying degrees. They were in the same room. They had been forced there by a common adversity, which began in 1929 and continued with increasing intensity through 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933. By 1933 the world's trade had fallen in value by more than one-half. Measured by volume the fall was not so great : but the practical criterion was the price paid for the commercial products. As the world's delegates sat by each other, they knew that there were 30,000,000

unemployed in the world, although one-half of the world could produce but could not sell what the other half wanted, but could not buy. "The markets are there," said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on June 12th, "the labour to supply them is there, but the labour is not employed and the markets are not filled." It had all been said before, many times. Moreover the politicians there assembled were not free agents. Mr. Cordell Hull, for instance, the United States Secretary of State and chief United States delegate at the Conference, had to be guided, not by his own opinion whether it was good for nations to prevent each other from doing trade, but by what he imagined would be the "reaction" of Congress to what he said or did. One of the reasons why the machinery of international politics is difficult is that its constituent parts are made by separate agents working on unco-ordinated and even irreconcilable principles. The crude fact that in our time the nations of the world have for nearly a generation been engaged first in a physical and then in an economic war suggests that there is something singularly evil (though the evil may have some mysteriously divine purpose) in what we know as "civilisation."

On June 12th, Mr. MacDonald also said: "When we had a less efficient equipment for the making of wealth, our national incomes were greater." What presumably he meant was that in the old days, when fifty carpenters took a week to do what one carpenter and one machine can now do in a day, the world was better off; but why in that case describe the old method as "a less efficient equipment for the making of wealth"? Clearly it was more efficient. The condition of general prosperity is that money should pass uninterruptedly from one person to another and thence to still another. That happens in the maximum degree when everybody can be given work which somebody else needs him to do. The combined effect of socialism and science is to damage the equipment for the making of wealth, for the one interferes between those who want work to be done and those who can do it, and the other tends to reduce the necessity for unskilled work. Masses of people need unskilled work, if they are to have any work at all. When instead they are left unemployed, the demand for other people's work is also lessened by the spreading inability to buy it, and a vicious circle is started.

We have reached a time in the world's history when

governments are destroying the reserves of wealth by engaging in both physical and economic war on a devastating scale ; are crippling commercial enterprise by the resultant political obstacles of too high taxation, tariffs and the rest ; are attempting to substitute State regulation in industry for the more elemental and direct play of supply and demand ; and when science is adding to the disservice of politics by reducing the sum of human work that needs to be done. Yet all history teaches that changed economic conditions produce their own redress, for man's invention is born of man's necessity. In the present instance, for example, it was possible to diagnose in many countries a growing distrust of the political method in all its aspects. In the spacious corridors of the new Geological Museum in Exhibition Road, delegates and commentators in June 1933 were more openly sceptical of the chances of success by diplomatic conference than one ever before remembered in comparable circumstances ; and the credit of governments as foreign borrowers had been "blown to pieces," to recall a famous phrase. The effect of that scepticism was to suggest that the initiative in commerce must again revert to private enterprise ; and the effect of that discredit was to suggest that money was not likely soon again to be diverted from commercial use to political waste.

Another four years have passed. Tariffs are still as high, or higher. Political interference with commerce is still as rampant, or more. And again the nations of the world, or their politicians, are toying with the idea of solving their economic problems by diplomatic action. High tariffs, quotas, unstable exchanges still militate against the normal functioning of international commerce. Can there be any more hope than before that diplomacy by conference can remove those barriers ? It is true that the Anglo-Franco-American currency agreement of last September constituted an exception to the general rule that international agreement in any sphere lies beyond the bounds of practical politics. That agreement may even give encouragement to those who engage in the new world conference, if it be duly arranged. But the baffling difficulty remains that the obstacles to trade are of political origin and that unless the politicians frankly face that fact and bend their purpose to the simple undoing of their own handiwork, it is not clear what basis there can be for any better result than before.

STUBBORN SPAIN.

As these lines were written the scheme of control against intervention by the foreign Powers had not yet been put into operation, though it looked as if it really would come into operation at midnight of April 19th. The scheme itself was described in detail in last month's *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*. It was adopted by the London non-intervention committee on March 8th, when the British, French, German and Italian Governments promised that they would be able to begin their naval patrol duties on March 13th. But these duties were not then put into operation. For a whole month the scheme was held up.

In the meantime the war in Spain itself has prolonged its stubborn course. To dispassionate people it has become evident that on both sides the war is regarded as an exclusively Spanish affair. Neither the so-called Reds of Señor Caballero nor the so-called Nationalists of General Franco are likely in the long run to tolerate in perpetuity the foreign influences now pressing upon them. The Reds in essence are anarchist and disruptive of the social order rather than bolshevist in the Russian sense. They are composed of different sections fighting against the same enemy but for different ends. If they win it seems likely that Spain will be split into several regional independent entities. Russian influence would not be likely long to survive such an outcome. General Franco for his part, fighting in theory for a unified Spain, has shown that in the event of success he would no more tolerate Italian or German influence than Señor Caballero would tolerate Russian influence. When he decided in the middle of March to halt his operations pending an improvement in the weather, and the Italian forces, differing in temperament and mistaking General Franco's temperament, insisted on advancing by themselves, their discomfiture was due as much to Franco sabotage behind their lines as to Caballero counter-attacks from in front. The British Government throughout has sternly followed the policy of true disinterestedness, a policy which seems to be justified twice over by the now apparent fact that neither side in Spain seems likely to attain a decisive victory. The prospect rather unfolds itself of a long-drawn-out indecisive guerilla war on the true Spanish model. But so far as public opinion is concerned even in Great

Britain, it seems impossible to prevent the warm-hearted people from taking sides in the most violent spirit. Newspapers of the Left do not conceal their glee over what the superior news service of the Reds succeeds as featuring as Red victories, and newspapers of the Right equally believe that Franco embodies everything good in human nature. The Comintern is unrivalled as a propagandist organisation. Its particular service to Señor Caballero has been the establishment of a first-rate news service. Foreign correspondents are encouraged to visit the front lines and are given good telegraphic and telephonic facilities. General Franco despises such things. No correspondent is allowed to visit his front lines. Telegrams are charged at excessive rates. A letter was published in *The Times* of April 2nd from Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, who had made a three weeks' tour of Western Spain. In it he showed that the rival news services resulted in the Red version of, say, Sunday's events being published in the British papers on Monday, but the Nationalist version not till Tuesday or even Wednesday. His letter itself threw valuable light on the less well-known facts of Franco Spain.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

April 15th, 1937.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FULL REVIEWS	625
THE LAST HALF-CENTURY; SIR THOMAS MORE;	
MOSCOW IN THE MAKING; THE ABYSSINIAN WAR;	
MILTON AND WORDSWORTH.	
SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES: BOOKS ON ENGLAND;	
ROMAN BRITAIN AND THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENTS;	
CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNISM; HONORIA LAWRENCE;	
A DICTIONARY OF SLANG; THE GARDENER'S ENGLAND	636

THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.*

After winning the highest reputation in the field of journalism, Mr. Spender has scored a second resounding success as biographer and historian. The lives of Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith, his own recollections, his *Fifty Years of Europe*, and now his detailed survey of the fortunes of Great Britain during his own time, will continue to be read as long as the story of a dramatic half-century retains its interest. For he has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of knowing the *Arcana Imperii* and the men who have made history. This massive volume of 900 pages, published at a surprisingly low price, should be very widely read. For it is not only a careful summary of events, but a thoughtful commentary by a highly trained observer. The veteran Liberal publicist has always possessed an enviable capacity to present his views with such skill and moderation as to secure the attention and respect of those who disagreed with him on the majority of issues. The *Westminster Gazette*, which Sir Austen Chamberlain used to call "the sea-green incorruptible," was a national institution, and we are the poorer for its loss.

To readers of Mr. Spender's generation who remember every thrill as it occurred, the chief interest of the book lies in its portraits of men and its judgments of events. He defines his object as an effort to bring home and foreign affairs into one

* *Great Britain: Empire and Commonwealth, 1886-1935.* By J. A. Spender. Cassell.

framework of British history written from a British point of view. Thus, though great foreign actors from Bismarck onwards continually cross the stage, we are mainly concerned with British performers, and it is on these that Mr. Spender can tell us most from personal knowledge. Gladstone and Chamberlain dominate the first portion of the story, Asquith and Lloyd George the second. He does not cultivate purple patches, and he never treats his readers to an elaborate analysis of character ; but he often brings the dead back to life in a few vivid sentences. Here, for instance, is Parnell after the divorce case and the ruin of his career. " Day by day he was seen striding through the Lobby of the House of Commons, his hair streaming, his eyes blazing, a ghastly pallor on his face, the very image, pitiful and tragic, of despair and defiance." The titanic energy of Chamberlain and Lloyd George is freely recognised, but the type of supermen which they represent is not at all to his taste. A Trimmer in the sense of Halifax, he detests extremes, despises demagogues, distrusts brilliant and risky improvisations. If the book has a hero it is Asquith, who never let his tongue run away with him, and who throughout life regarded public affairs as best served by an appeal to reason and argument. Campbell-Bannerman, the first democratic Prime Minister we have had, is justly praised, and Grey's foreign policy is once again vindicated by its most persuasive contemporary interpreter in the press. Yet he finds something to regret in his method. " Grey's modesty and shrinking from publicity were useful qualities in winning public respect and confidence ; but he concerned himself too little with the education of the public and his colleagues in these years."

The pre-war world is so remote, psychologically if not chronologically, that it is now fairly easy for a Liberal to write dispassionately of such gladiators as Chamberlain and Milner. But the embers of the war period are still hot, and in this chapter of his long story it is at present too much to ask him to stand above the battle. He is frankly for Asquith against Lloyd George, for Haig and Robertson against the self-confident Premier who overrode or attempted to overrule the experts. We note with interest his verdict that the first coalition was the least efficient of the three War Governments. On the fall of Asquith he has already written in the official biography, and he has no love for the men who turned

him out. Bonar Law comes in for his share of the blame, particularly as the main author of the attack on the Asquith Liberals in that "orgy of chauvinism," the "coupon" election of 1918. The catastrophic defeat of the party which Mr. Spender has adorned for half a century is deplored, not only for the sake of the party itself, but from the standpoint of national and international interests. It has been at once the intellectual strength and the electoral weakness of the Liberals in the last twenty years that their creed lacked the class appeal both of Conservatism and Labour.

Mr. Spender's treatment of the Treaty of Versailles will command general agreement. It is unjust to blame its authors for certain outstanding results, such as the dissolution of the Austrian Empire, which had already been registered by victory and defeat. The fantastic miscalculation of Germany's capacity to pay reparations; the crazy demand for the trial of the Kaiser, his Ministers and his Generals by their victorious enemies; the refusal of oral discussion with the German delegates, and the insistence on a dictated in preference to a negotiated peace; the unexampled meanness of the confiscation of the private property of Germans living in the territories of their victors: here are some of the counts in the indictment. He does not speak, like Mr. Keynes, of a Carthaginian peace; but in his quiet way he is almost equally severe.

When all the details have been examined, it remains to be said that the worst vice of the Treaty of Versailles was the spirit in which it was concluded. That was harsh, vindictive, unsparing.

Inevitably, it was

a Peace of Conquest requiring the maintenance of force to uphold it, and inviting recovery of force to redress the grievances that it inflicted. This was to make any fair scheme of disarmament by general consent extremely difficult, if not impossible, in the coming years.

After reviewing the post-war period Mr. Spender concludes with a series of chapters covering the half-century which he has surveyed in detail. Among his themes are the growth of population, birth control, the results of Protection, planning, dictatorship, art and literature. *The Hound of Heaven*, in his opinion, has the best chance of immortality among the poems of the time. De La Mare's verse, we are told, has the sound

of bells under water. Samuel Butler is held mainly responsible for "the habit of turning things upside down." It is interesting to compare Mr. Spender's attitude with that of Mr. Herbert Fisher in the closing chapters of his *History of Europe*. Both men have seen much and have helped to make history. Both are impenitent Liberals. Both find much to praise and much to blame in the new age, so different in its intellectual climate from that in which they won their spurs. Both end on a quiet note, surrendering neither to pessimism nor to the unprofitable pastime of building castles in the air. Mr. Spender finds encouragement in the persistence of the deeper characteristics of our race.

These years have brought trials and ordeals on a scale undreamt of in former days, and the story of how the British people bore them and rose above them will, I believe, seem to future generations one of the bravest chapters in their history.

From a man who knows so much and weighs his words that is a compliment worth having, and most of his readers are likely to agree that it is not undeserved.

G. P. G.

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SIR THOMAS MORE.

It is well that a Portrait of Sir Thomas More* should be furnished for us by so typical a Catholic humanist as Mr. Algernon Cecil. There are other lives of this great and saintly man, but Mr. Cecil's treatment of his subject has distinctive merits of its own. The width of the author's knowledge, the breadth of his sympathies and the wisdom of his reflections shine out, despite certain limitations, in every page of his book. The "Portrait" is, indeed, a vivid and comprehensive biography in which the commanding personality of the hero is displayed against the background of the age in which he lived and acted, taught and suffered. The picture that is painted is, in every feature of it, decorated, but not overlaid, by the writer's views on all the events and all the personalities which determined the tragic drama of More's career in a momentous age. His outstanding qualities as scholar, statesman and saint are amply displayed, and

* *A Portrait of Thomas More, Scholar, Statesman, Saint.* By Algernon Cecil. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

illustrated by copious extracts from his writings, speeches and correspondence. It may safely be said that this book will take a permanent place in the literature which depicts both the history of the age and the character of one of the greatest and most venerable of its actors. So long as the record of the Renaissance, the Reformation, and English history endures, the story of Sir Thomas More will be studied and the outstanding greatness of his character will be recognised and treasured.

Sir Thomas More stands out with Erasmus as typical of Catholic Humanism at its best. Yet he outshines his compeer in this respect that whereas Erasmus, with all his merits, carefully avoided the risks of martyrdom, More cheerfully laid down his life for conscience sake, neither rashly courting nor weakly avoiding the fate that awaited him from the cruel monarch, whom he both served and withstood. That, in his character and conduct, More was marked, and even disfigured, by some of the outstanding blemishes of his age, should be recognised. As a controversialist he lapsed, from time to time, into the violence and rudeness unhappily common in his age. Mr. Cecil is somewhat tenderer to these faults in More than he is in dealing with others, for example with Luther and Tyndale. But these blemishes on his greatness need no such special pleading as occasionally Mr. Cecil uses. They are the defects of a great character and may well be not only extenuated, but forgotten in view of the serenity and kindliness, as well as the courage, by which his closing days were transfigured as he waited, not only bravely but cheerfully, for the martyrdom for which he steadfastly prepared.

It is when he deals with the Reformation, as a religious movement, and with Luther as its protagonist that Mr. Cecil fails. As a supporter of Erasmus, in his attitude towards the crying evils of the Church and towards the Reformation, he concentrates his attention on the glaring faults of Luther and the sombre features of his philosophy, if philosophy it may be called. The faults of Luther are manifest and are growingly recognised by all Protestants who have knowledge of history and are candid in acknowledging the facts. Yet the strictures of Erasmus and of the other humanists, More included, were insufficient for the reformation of the manifold evils of the Church. It needed the vehement protest of Luther effectively to combat them, and if in the process the unity

of Western Christendom was destroyed, yet to Luther the Roman Catholic Church is indebted for the beneficial reaction that brought about the Counter-Reformation.

In regard to Luther's doctrine Mr. Cecil's treatment is also seriously defective. He concentrates attention upon its background, on what is indeed an irrational magnifying of Divine Sovereignty, with its doctrine of predestination and its consequent denial of human freedom. He omits to point out that this doctrine was inherited in substance from St. Augustine. Nor does he recognise that this background, while exposed and insisted upon by Luther, was used by him to magnify the grace of the Gospel and its joyous reception by faith. Just as St. Augustine must be understood not only by the awful rigour of his philosophy but by the modifying influence of his refuge in the Catholic Church, so Luther must be interpreted as taking refuge from what he termed "the Majesty" of God in the homeliness and graciousness of the Manger, in the mercy of the divinely-human Christ.

It was not the metaphysical, but the evangelical in Luther that made the spiritual appeal of the Reformation. In the dogmatic and religious process that has followed, Protestants have learnt and are learning to transform the Metaphysics of St. Augustine, Luther and Calvin by the grace of the Gospel. The antithesis of the Majesty and the Manger, of the Sovereignty and the Saviourship, have been transcended, and Luther, despite his grievous faults, is honoured not as the stern teacher of predestination, but as the re-publisher of the Gospel of the forgiveness of sins through the alone merits of our Lord Jesus Christ—a gift to be accepted by faith as the secret of reconciled fellowship with God.

Mr. Cecil's comments on Tyndale are also open to criticism. But the available space for this review has been occupied and it must suffice to recommend this book, notwithstanding its limitations, as a worthy and delightful memorial of a very great and noble man.

J. S. L.

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MOSCOW IN THE MAKING.*

Here is the record of a personal investigation of the greatest Russian city in its recent development, by Sir

* Longmans.

Ernest and Lady Simon, Mr. W. A. Robson and Professor Jenkes, each of whom applies expert knowledge to a selected field of government and administration. In a long introductory chapter Mr. Robson describes the somewhat intricate machinery of city government. "There is a well-articulated and closely knit organisation which combines in a remarkable degree the advantages of concentrating power and leadership in a small group of executive chiefs with the benefits of widespread popular participation in the subordinate parts of the administration. The methods by which responsibility, decentralisation and multiformity have been obtained are at once novel and successful" (p. 66). Enthusiasm for a common cause is, however, accompanied by a fanatical intolerance of free criticism outside all minor issues.

Professor Jenkes shows the dependence of national development in Moscow upon a finance which is largely imposed on the consumer-citizen in the prices he is called upon to pay for goods and services. The consumer acquiesces in a vast expenditure upon the Metro and the Palace of Soviets for the glorification of the city, when this money would have been more usefully applied to housing schemes.

Lady Simon shows the extraordinary efforts made, not only in Moscow but all over the country, for child and adult education, technical and cultural, and the immense enthusiasm for reading. But since all publishing is done by the State, all reading on social and other controversial topics is ordered from on high and is devoted to ensuring the "right views." The science of "pedology" is widely applied through tests of physique and intelligence for the grouping of children in classes and for vocational training.

The housing and building problems are well handled by Sir E. Simon, who describes the measures taken to overcome the deplorable overcrowding in the rapidly growing city. Flats are preferred to small houses, partly as expressions of the sociability of the people in a communist society. But though great efforts are being made, the progress of housing falls far short of the progress in most other industries. He sees great advantages for town-planning in the fact that all the land and buildings are publicly owned and that the Mussoviet has full architectural control over new buildings. Not only are there no private interests to interfere with public policies, but there is no political opposition. This

secures ease, economy and a certain sort of efficiency and speed. But whether these facilities are consistent with positive constructive actions that proceed from and demand free questioning and opposition, is a matter about which doubt is expressed both by Sir Ernest and his collaborators. It is agreed that the dictatorship in Soviet Russia differs favourably from other one-man dictatorships. But are there not certain essentials of personal and public efficiency which are only to be found in democracy? Our writers here, while doing full justice to the public spirit of the governing groups and to the enthusiastic assent of the masses, leave this wide question open.

J. A. HOBSON.

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THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.*

In his new book, *Italy's Conquest of Abyssinia*, Major E. W. Polson Newman has produced a comprehensive account of the whole campaign which will interest both the lay and the expert student of military operations. He makes full use of official Italian records, supplemented by some British and French information. He has discovered no material of any value available from the Abyssinian side. While this narrative is offered as a statement of the facts, it is written sympathetically from the Italian viewpoint; and Major Polson Newman would characterise the conquest as a victory "against almost desperate odds" over a "formidable enemy making the best use of an extremely difficult country." He praises to the utmost the qualities of the Italian soldiers and airmen who "have both stood the most exacting test in a war on modern lines." Such statements, which are certainly not supported by the narrative, must be discounted in a writer who was an ardent champion of the whole Italian case against the League and Abyssinia.

In several preliminary chapters the author discusses the vital part played by the Navy and gives a brief indication of the preparations prior to hostilities, mainly after the Wal-Wal incident when Italy became "really alarmed" at the so-called Ethiopian "mobilisation." This account must be read, not

* (1) *Italy's Conquest of Abyssinia*. By E. W. Polson Newman. Thornton Butterworth. (2) *Wagb in Abyssinia*. By Evelyn Waugh. Longmans.

only in conjunction with the course of political events, but also in relation to the long-prepared schemes revealed in Marshal de Bono's recent book.* Major Polson Newman deals successively with the well-defined stages of the war; first the advance to Adowa and Makale, followed by three months of Italian consolidation and counter-attacks by the Abyssinian forces. By February 1936, however, the latter had forsaken their effective guerilla tactics and their three main armies in the North allowed themselves to be outmanœuvred by a brilliant stroke of strategy, and destroyed in turn by Italian forces equipped with all the modern implements of war. These shattering defeats were followed by the final phase, including the Emperor's last desperate resistance at Lake Ashangi and the subsequent advance to Addis Ababa. The operations in the South are dealt with concurrently at the end of each chapter. Much of the narrative is concerned necessarily with detailed movements and its clarity would be greatly enhanced with additional maps and diagrams.

Major Polson Newman concludes that the reversion of the Abyssinians to their traditional methods of mass attacks was the main contributory factor in their defeat. On the other hand the Italians made the most of their opportunities, displaying a great rapidity and "continuous intensity" of offensive action. Their native Askari troops, in particular, showed a remarkable mobility which, with their peculiar knowledge of the country and love of the offensive, brought them frequently into the first line of attack. This accounted for the high proportion of their casualties. "The main burden of the fighting," the author insists, "was shouldered by the Italian metropolitan troops." He also points out that "the greatest care was always exercised to consolidate well before undertaking any further advance." It may be noted with interest, however, that the recent collapse of the highly mechanised Italian force in Spain was largely due to the failure to consolidate a very rapid and reckless advance. Major Polson Newman gives full weight to the value of the air arm, which filled most vital and varied rôles in the Abyssinian campaign. In addition to reconnaissance, securing communications, diffusing propaganda, breaking up enemy concentrations and destroying morale, it played a novel part in supplying with provisions and ammunition columns advancing in

* See *Anno XIII* : *the Conquest of an Empire*. Cresset Press.

inaccessible regions. Co-operation with ground troops was particularly effective and the air force showed its full strength in exercising a traditional function of cavalry, the conversion of defeat into an irretrievable rout. Its ruthless and devastating effect in this respect was more recently demonstrated by the Spanish insurgent warplanes after the capture of Malaga. But in general, as the author shows, the Abyssinian campaign "does not provide an adequate object lesson for aerial warfare in Europe, where conditions are entirely different," as is evidenced in Spain.

Upon those features of the war which shocked the conscience of the civilised world, Major Polson Newman has little to say. The use of "diluted gas" is acknowledged; but treated as "a controversial" question with "probably comparatively little influence on the military aspect of the campaign," the subject is quickly dismissed. Bombing Red Cross units is also outside the author's scope, but the topic receives some reference by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in *Waugh in Abyssinia*. The latter visited the country in the summer of 1935 as the war correspondent of a "realistic" London newspaper. In fact, he was unable to reach the front, and this volume contains his personal experiences in seeking news principally in Addis Ababa, Harar and Jijiga, and his impressions of the Abyssinians. His aversion to them as a barbaric, tyrannous and sterile race is apparent in a loose, racy narrative, written with great self-assurance, which would carry greater weight if its language were less contemptuous and dogmatic. He attacks the "humane humbug of Tafari's régime" which was efficient only in playing off foreign States and in clever propaganda. For example, the Abyssinians had no use for ambulances until they "suddenly saw the vast possibilities for propaganda in the presence in a dangerous situation of a genuine Red Cross hospital." The Emperor lost all because he appealed to "the peevish whinny of the nonconformist conscience" which the world almost fatally confused for the voice of the English nation. Last August Mr. Waugh was the first Englishman to revisit the country under Italian rule. He found Addis Ababa nervously apprehensive of attacks, but we are left with the impression of the natives "being humanely treated" and the subservient races thankful for emancipation from Amharic tyranny. He concludes with a panegyric on the colonising genius of the Roman people.

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH.*

Professor Sir Herbert Grierson, by printing his lectures on Milton and Wordsworth delivered at University College, London, and the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has enabled a wider public to enjoy the fruits of his long and discerning study of those poets. Both dedicated themselves to high prophetic tasks; both experienced bitter disillusionment in the frustration of their political hopes; each, in his own way, won through to a conviction and faith to which he gave noble expression. Most people have some general idea of the association of Milton with the Commonwealth régime, and of Wordsworth's youthful enthusiasm for the French Revolution, but all will gain fresh insight and knowledge from this valuable work, which covers more ground than its subtitle suggests; the greater part of it is concerned with Milton.

Professor Grierson refers to points raised in other recent books on Milton, Mr. Belloc's and Dr. Tillyard's, for example, and is skilled to meet the disparaging criticism which a modern group of poets have levelled—not at Milton's heterodoxy, or abusive pamphlets—but actually at his verse, a structure hitherto deemed unassailable! Space compels us to leave aside the Professor's discussion of the great poems and their protagonists, of Milton's estimate of Cromwell, and other topics of intense interest, and to give only a brief indication of his main theme. This is to enquire how far *Paradise Lost* represents the epic "doctrinal to a nation" which Milton had set before himself as his contribution to a regenerate England. He had felt compelled to delay embarking upon this by the prophetic call to contribute, in prose, to "the religious and political warfare of the day"; in his First and Second *Defences* he "had in a way fulfilled his first intention of a poem on the exploits of the English people," so that (about 1654) he abandoned its proposed connection with national history. Increasingly isolated from his former allies by his views on marriage and religion, convinced at the Restoration that his political and ecclesiastical ideals would never be fulfilled on earth, Milton makes *Paradise Lost* "an arraignment of mankind," "an indictment of human weakness." Finally, with a revulsion of feeling, in *Samson* he

* *Milton and Wordsworth, Poets and Propbets. A Study of their Reactions to Political Events.* By Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson. Cambridge University Press. 1937.

depicts himself and his cause, though in men's eyes "fallen on evil days," yet vindicated by God.

Milton was republican to the last. Nor did Wordsworth lightly surrender his republican sympathies, in spite of the excesses of the French Revolution. Professor Grierson quotes from the *Prelude* his account of the painful, relentless scrutiny to which he subjected his early beliefs and judgments, and shows how it was the strength of his affections, his trust in the instincts of "faith, and reverence and love," together with the healing and joy-renewing influence of Nature, which saved him. For, though a lesser poet than Milton, he had a fellow-feeling for human nature which the other lacked: "his heart goes out to humanity like that of the great prophets . . . his Nature is in profoundest sympathy with the nature of the human spirit." He came to see that a man's true happiness must spring from fulfilling, as Nature does, the law of his own being. And himself attained this serenity.

E. G. S.

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Among recent Batsford publications are two attractive books on English towns and villages. Mr. Clive Rouse describes historically the architectural features and peculiarities of the former in *The Old Towns of England*.* While agreeing that most provincial towns have their own peculiarities of appearance, due to their particular growth and environment, the author has classified them all, for the sake of convenience, into the broad categories of cathedral cities, market and country towns, ports and harbours, and spas and resorts; illustrating his colourful survey by many of the well known, and some lesser known, places. No less fascinating is Mr. Sydney R. Jones' review of village architecture and country buildings generally in his *English Village Homes*.* His descriptive study, born of an unrivalled acquaintance with the countryside, covers the historical development and local peculiarities of building styles, and the setting of the village amid the pattern of the landscape. In a foreword Sir William Beach Thomas warmly commends "this most sympathetic survey of English villages by an architect and artist who reaps the harvest of his eyes in words." Sir William himself is responsible in *Hunting England** for a vivid picture of the sport and for accounts of the chief hunting areas and their celebrated packs. In all these volumes the photographs in their profusion and excellence form integral records of the subjects in hand.

* Batsford.

An appreciation of the countryside from another angle will be found in *English Cavalcade** in which Mr. W. J. Blyton interprets through the words of great literary figures the beauty and spirit of the scenery with which their works are particularly associated. This "scamper through the shires in their company" is in effect an anthology of quotations woven harmoniously together in an appreciative and skilful narrative. It is both representative and comprehensive, although inevitably the reader will question the inclusion of some quotations and regret the omission of others. Personal taste must play a considerable part in composing this type of book. It is not inappropriate here to welcome a penetrating and vigorous account by Mr. Thomas H. Mason of *The Islands of Ireland*.† The author has constantly explored these remote and barren outposts where the inhabitants wage an indomitable struggle to eke out a bare subsistence. Mr. Mason has a lively and expressive picture, reflected in his own experiences, of the lives of these people and the magnificent scenery around them. He has also much to say about bird life, including in particular an account of the bird sanctuary on Saltee Island. One hundred and fifty photographs enrich and complete a delightful book.

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One of the most important additions to the Oxford History of England is the recent volume on *Roman Britain and the English Settlements*.‡ Two-thirds of the work is contributed by that great authority, Professor R. G. Collingwood, who surveys the state of Britain and its inhabitants from the time of Julius Cæsar's invasion until the final Roman withdrawal in the fifth century. The country is treated as an integral entity with its own personality rather than as a mere imperial appendage. Particular attention is given to social and economic conditions. In the remainder of the volume, Mr. J. N. L. Myres traces the course of the Anglo-Saxon conquest and the disappearance of Roman-British civilisation during a century and a half which is the darkest and least charted in our history. His reconstruction is based on a most skilful analysis of the scanty evidence, which allows only a broad outline, with little precision in detail. Indeed, as he points out, continual discovery of new material renders dogmatic assertions untenable. A greater degree of certainty is possible in the Roman period, although of course numerous problems remain to be solved; as for instance the exact extent and character of Agricola's conquest in Scotland, upon which Sir George MacDonald has done so much work. The great value of this book is that it contains objective interpretations of all the evidence as yet available. Professor Collingwood agrees, for example, with the probability of a short Roman reoccupation after 410 which at one time was generally considered to be the date of the final

* Murray.

† Batsford.

‡ Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

evacuation. In the course of a particularly interesting chapter dealing with the subsequent fate of the Roman-Britons, Professor Collingwood is inclined to identify King Arthur as the historical victor at the battle of Mons Badonicus where, about the beginning of the sixth century, the invaders were crushed and remained at bay for more than a generation. The authors are in general harmony where their subjects overlap, although naturally there are some points of divergence noticeable. For example, they appear not to be quite agreed upon whether the Roman towns disappeared through evacuation and decay or wilful destruction. Doubtless no general rule is possible. This work is eminently one which the general reader, as well as the student, will enjoy and appreciate for its vigorous and scholarly treatment.

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Mr. H. Wilson Harris has edited in *Christianity and Communism** a series of seven articles, contributed by well-known writers, along with some relative correspondence, which originally appeared in *The Saturday Review*. The subject admits of wide interpretations and in each contribution the issue is approached from a different angle. Father M. C. D'Arcy vigorously attacks as anti-Christian the character of Russian rule. Christianity is entirely disregarded by the only communist contributor, Mr. John Strachey, who, in defending the Soviet-Russian system, betrays a number of self-evident contradictions. Dr. W. R. Inge finds communism irreconcilable with the Christian tradition; while, on the other hand, the existence of some common ground is admitted in varying degrees by Dr. Ernest Barker, Dr. Joseph Needham, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr and Canon F. R. Barry. They are, however, for the most part concerned with communist theory rather than Russian practice. Canon F. R. Barry's "Revolutionary Christianity" is an excellent statement of the Christian viewpoint.

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Honoria Lawrence: A Fragment of Indian History,† by Maud Diver, is based on diaries kept by the wife of Sir Henry Lawrence (Lawrence of Lucknow) and is a contribution to the literature on that great man essentially from a woman's point of view. In the first seventy-three pages we have the preliminary journey out to India in the sailing ship of those days, and all the thoughts and hopes and fears of a charming, cultured and imaginative young woman going out to be married. The marriage was an ideal one, and the development of his character and public spirit and devotion to duty are largely inspired by her love and loyalty and broadmindedness. In the course of their early career they read and wrote together, contributing many articles to the *Calcutta Review*, and were never so happy as when alone in some remote place, such as the Residency in Nepal, free to indulge their own tastes. As time goes on the diaries become intermittent. Children

* Basil Blackwell, Oxford.

† John Murray.

are born to them and there are frequent separations, as she goes to the hills for health's sake and he becomes deeply involved in his work. The best work of his life was in the Punjab, settling the many disputing chiefs and laying the foundation of a lasting peace after annexation. As their home was at Lahore, and Honoria Lawrence came and went, often ill and at one time in England, the interest grows in the politics in India. Sir Henry Lawrence was all for conciliation, and his brother John, who had to act with him, was for discipline. The joint management worked out for the good of the province, but the differences of the brothers were too trying and Henry finally resigned and was appointed to Rajputana. Their home here was on Mount Abu, and Lady Lawrence writes to her son in England a charming description of her surroundings. She is described as "a gracious woman of five-and-forty, already assuming the prescribed Victorian dress and habits of early middle age . . . a tempered Honoria, who had 'warmed both hands at the fire of life' and had many times confronted death. Yet the same unconquered spirit looked out of her blue eyes; the quick response to beauty, outward and inward, was still a lamp to her feet; her religious faith and undimmed love a light to her path." But alas, she was struck down by illness and died a few months later.

The remainder of the book shows Sir Henry Lawrence more concerned than ever at the Government policy of annexation. He finally is put in charge of Oudh and begins his work of conciliation once more. Mrs. Diver ends with a vivid description of the Indian Mutiny and the Siege of Lucknow up to the death of Sir Henry from wounds.

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The Animated Word. It is, generally speaking, only the epicure in words, the scholar, the etymologist, and the lexicographer himself, who will sit through hours on end reading the Dictionary, but Eric Partridge's new work* should make dictionary-reading a delight to the average man who normally only consults the "Dicker" when he is in a quandary over spelling.

Slang is strong wine that yields a fascination over all of us. To the uncultured masses it lends that colour to speech without which a sentence would seem to be lacking in sincerity and force; and at the same time it puts a hall-mark upon the speaker. The Cockney who, among his peers, avoided the correct (and natural) slang expression, would be ostracised as a "sop" or a "ninny." The animadversion might go further and the accusation be made that he was "too big for his boots." This law extends from Bethnal Green to Mayfair, from the Elementary School to Eton, from the Public Bar to the Pall Mall Club; throughout the Navy, Army and Air Force—speak the language of your kind or, ill-fated as the albino sparrow, be pecked to death. Oaths, cursing, and swearing are in an altogether different category of

* *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English.* Routledge.

speech, for though the majority of people do swear, the non-swearer in their midst is not singled out for persecution, indeed, on the contrary, he (or she) may even be treated to a certain secret admiration.

In some respects, slang is as important as poetry and folk-song. A people's character may be read in the quality of their slang, and from this point of view Mr. Partridge's book is a most valuable addition to literature, and should be closely studied by everyone engaged in social work, or interested in sociology. Designed as a companion to the great *Oxford English Dictionary*, it by no means falls short, for it embraces all slang dictionaries that have gone before, and includes many vulgarisms that have not hitherto been elucidated or commented upon. Definitions are both concise and brilliant; historical data adequate. We learn when the term originated as well as how; we are informed upon the social status of the people who most usually employ it, in which circumstances it is employed and, perhaps of greatest importance, we receive a hint concerning the direction in which the words are moving—that is to say, since slang is largely the forcing-house of a language, we learn whether the word is becoming obsolete, or advancing into general usage. The *argot* of yesterday may be spoken from the pulpit to-morrow; and in recent years the promotion of words has taken place more rapidly than ever before in the history of language.

J. F.

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In *The Gardener's England** Mr. Eric Parker writes in the main of his own garden. Starting with twelve acres of woodland—ten larch and two hazel coppices—he had first to “grub up” most of the larch and all the hazel before building a house and laying out his ground. After twenty-five years there are now lawns, herbaceous borders, roses, flowering shrubs, a kitchen garden, an orchard, a topiary, and a bog. He has, as he modestly remarks, “made a beginning.” So the labour of love continues, and “that is the happiness of a garden.” Birds and other creatures flit pleasantly through the pages. But why, among several other minor points, does he say that no book mentions the fact that water-shrews kill frogs? Even the popular *Wayside and Woodland Series* records it. The book is written with charm and will appeal to garden lovers.

* Seeley, Service.

A CORRECTION

In Sir Archibald Sinclair's article “Rearmament,” in our April issue, the first sentence of the first paragraph on page 390 should read: “Yet adequate financial control over expenditure amounting to £1,500 millions in five years is not a question that can be shelved.”

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